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MERCHANT OF VENICE
AS YOU LIKE IT
TAMING OF THE SHREW
ALL'S WELL

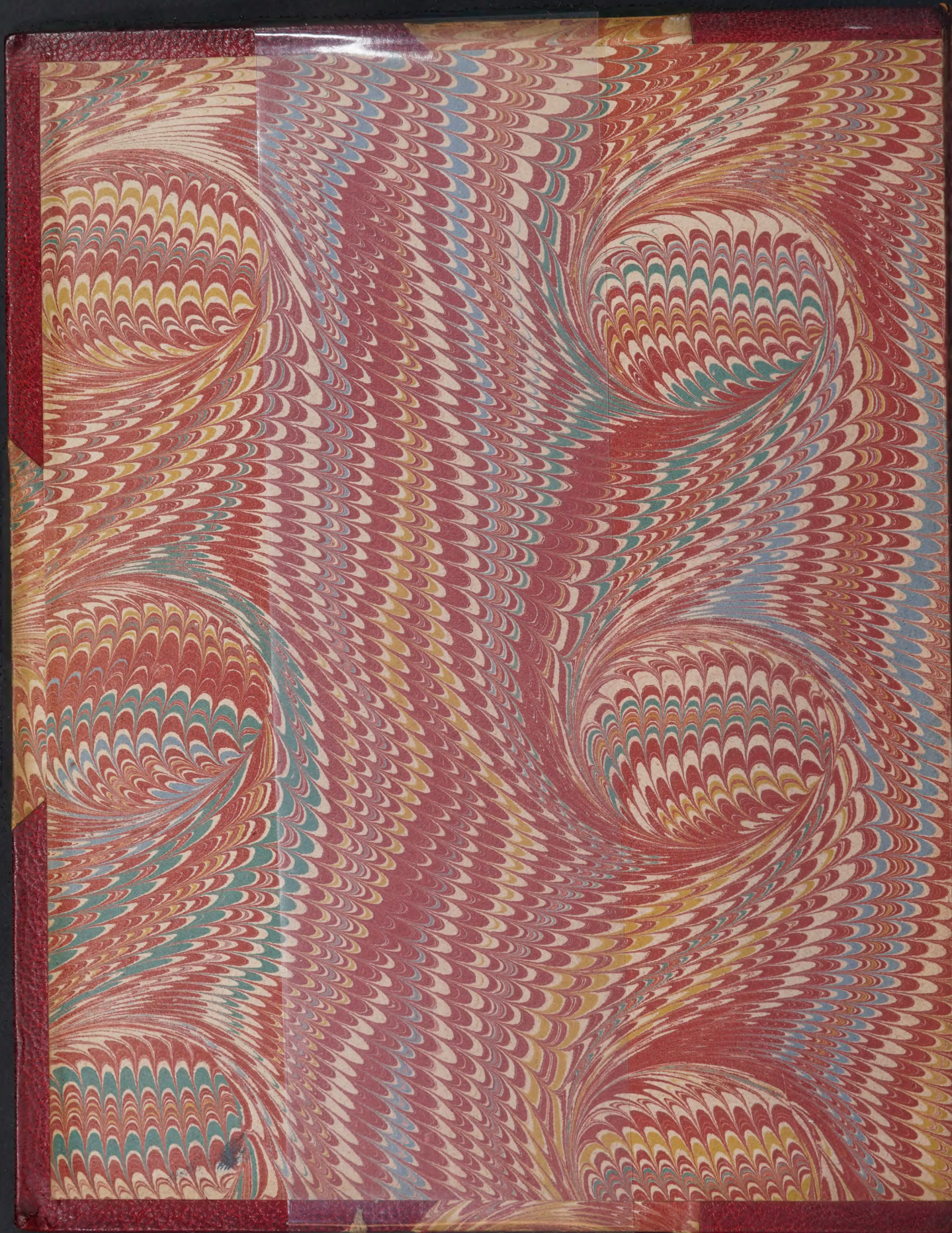


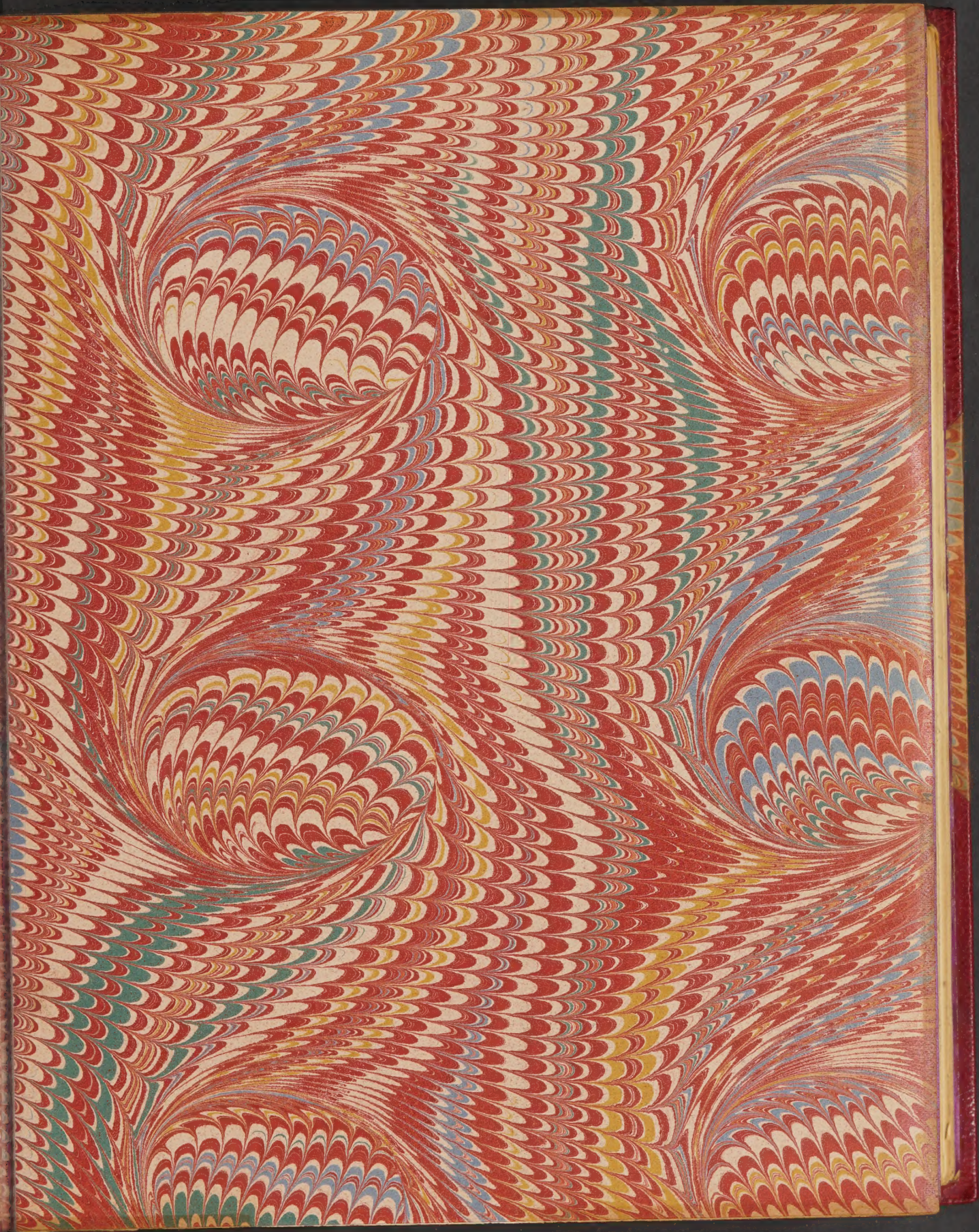
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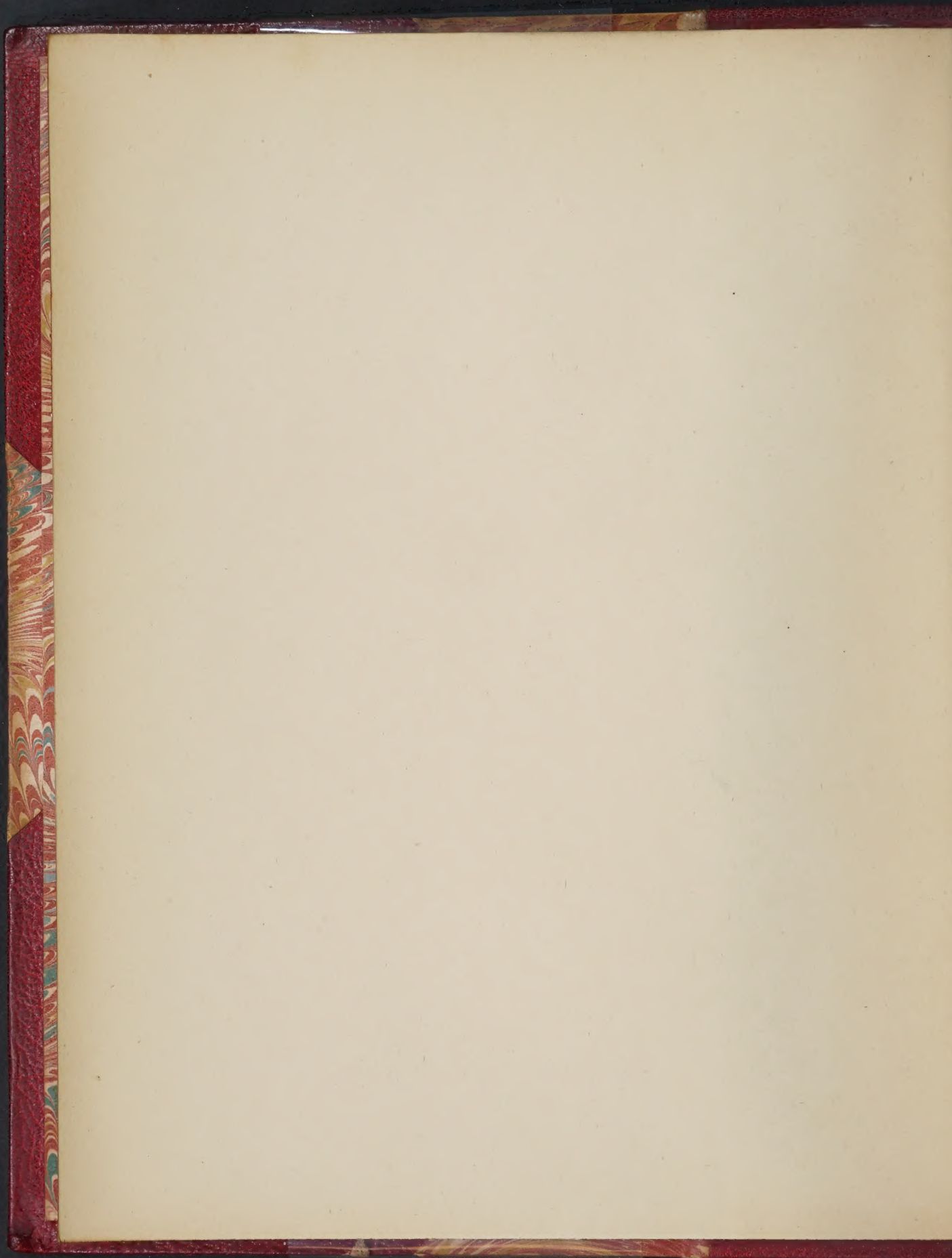




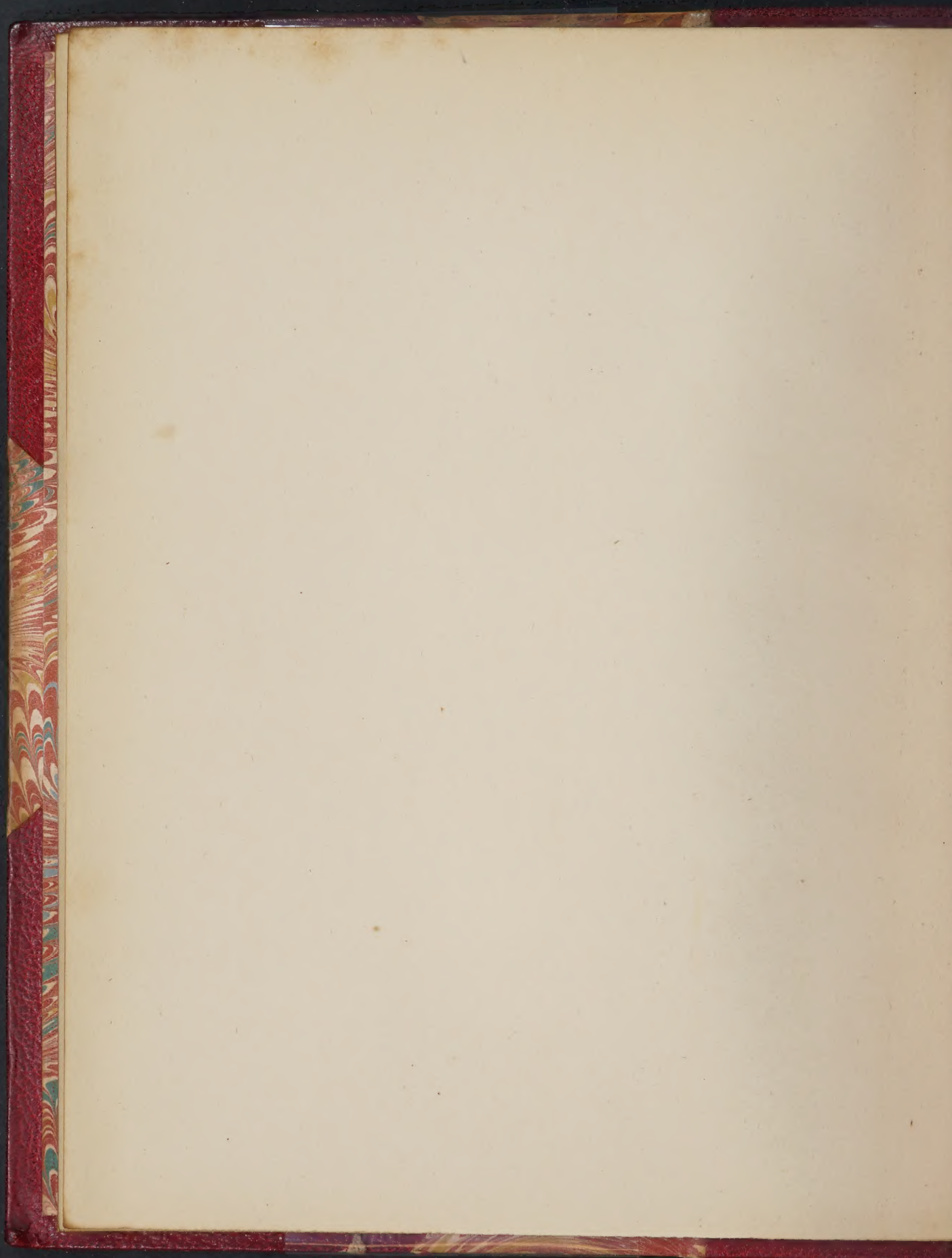








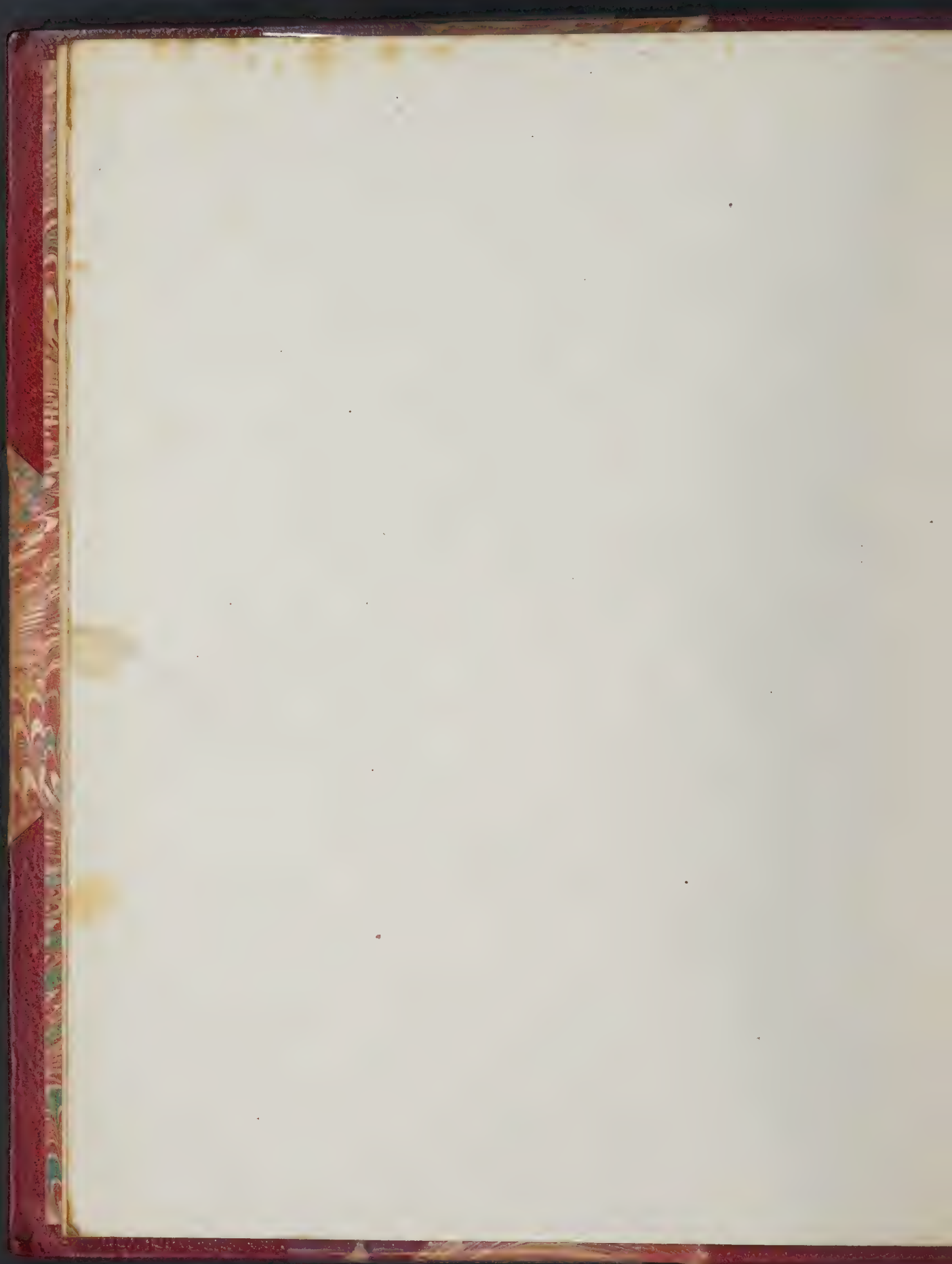
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Love's Labour's Lost.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.



THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

WITH THE PUREST TEXT, AND THE
BRIEFEST NOTES.

EDITED BY
J. PAYNE COLLIER.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR THE SUBSCRIBERS.
1878.

THOMAS RICHARDS, GREAT QUEEN STREET, W.C.

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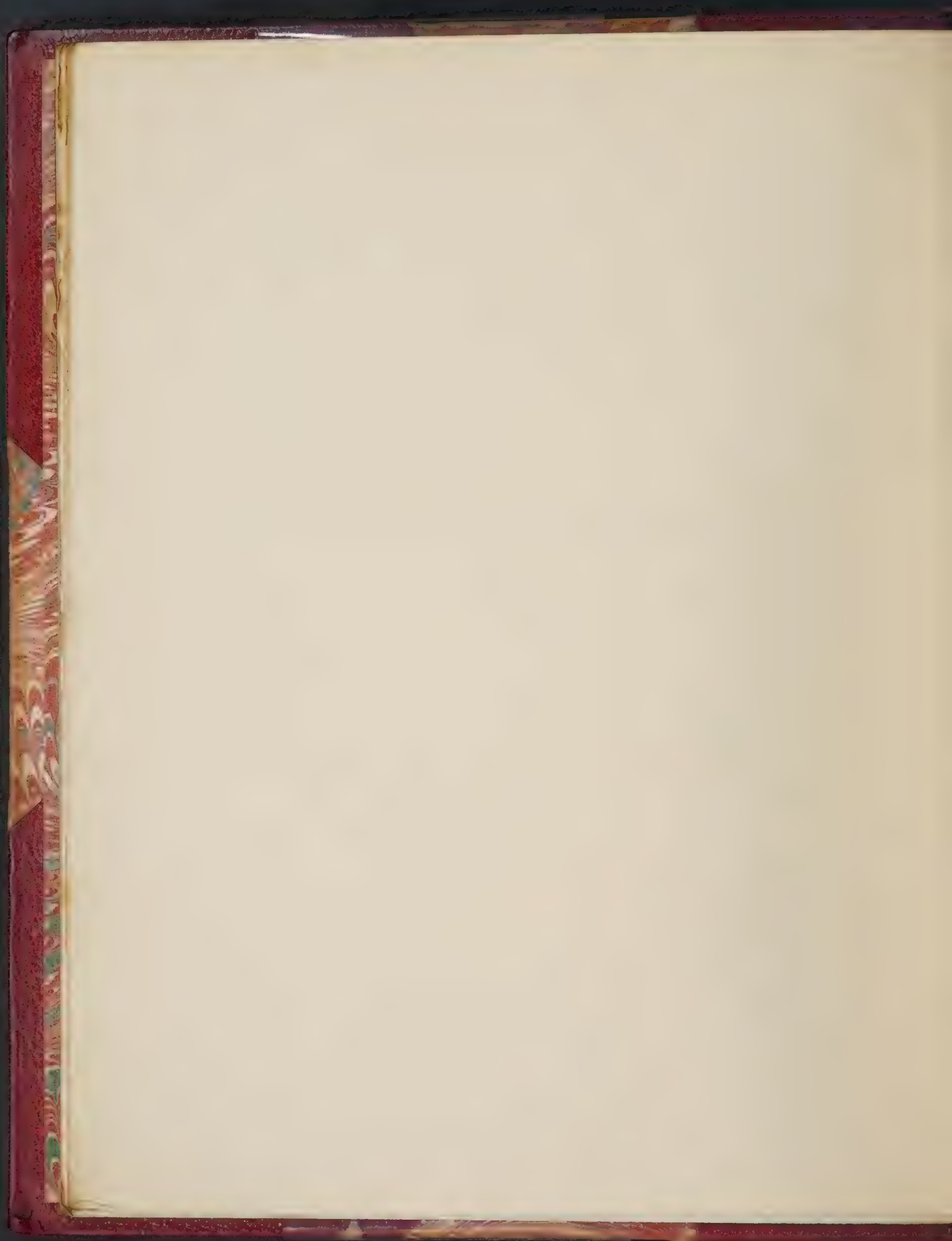
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

BIRON,
LONGAVILLE, } *Lords, attending on the King.*
DUMAINE, }

BOYET, } *Lords, attending on the Princess of France.*
MERCADÉ, }

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a Spaniard.*

SIR NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*

HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*

DULL, *a Constable.*

COSTARD, *a Clown.*

MOTH, *Page to Armado.*

A Forester.

Princess of France.

ROSALINE,
MARIA, } *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*
KATHARINE, }

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

Officers and others, Attendants on the King and Princess.

SCENE : Navarre.

¹ This list of characters was first printed by Rowe. The comedy originally appeared in 4to. in 1598, and next in the folio of 1623 : it was again printed in 4to., the year before the publication of the folio of 1632.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. *A Park with a Palace in it.*

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE.

King. LET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death ;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors !—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world :
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron,¹ Dumaine, and Longaville,

¹ You three, Biron,] “Biron” must be pronounced, as in French, with the accent on the last syllable, for the sake of the verse ; and in order to secure it, the name of Biron is invariably spelt *Berowne* in the old copies, 4to. and folio.

Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here : *[Showing it.*
Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein.
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd : 'tis but a three years' fast.
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine :
Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumaine is mortified.
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over ;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances ;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there :
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day,—
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night, too, of half the day,—
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.

O ! these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please :
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study, let me know ?

King. Why, that to know which else we should not
know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common
sense ?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on, then : I will swear to study so
To know the thing I am forbid to know ;
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid ;²
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid ;
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be this, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know.
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain,

² When I to FEAST expressly am forbid ;] All the old editions read *fast* for "feast". Theobald first made the change, which agrees with the Corr. fol. 1632, and cannot be wrong.

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain :
As painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look :

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile.
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks :
Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame ;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading !

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding !

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weed-
ing.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a
breeding.

Dum. How follows that ?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something, then, in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,³
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am : why should proud summer
boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing ?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth ?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows ;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out : go home, Biron : adieu !

Biron. No, my good lord ; I have sworn to stay with
you :

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper : let me read the same ;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame !

Biron. [*Reads.*] "Item, that no woman shall come
within a mile of my court."—Hath this been proclaimed ?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. [*Reads.*] "On pain of
losing her tongue."—Who devised this penalty ?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why ?

³ an envious SNEAPING frost,] "Sneaping" is *snipping*, or as we
now say, "nipping",—*vide* "Winter's Tale", act. i, sc. 2. In
Fletcher's "Wife for a month" the word is *nipping*: edit. Dyce ix, 309.

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against garrulity!⁴

[*Reads*]. Item, "If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise."—

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father :
Therefore, this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot :
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should ;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree :
She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space ;
For every man with his affects is born ;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

⁴ against GARRULITY,] Misprinted *gentility*, in all the old copies: "garrulity" is from the Corr. fol. 1632, and there can be no reasonable doubt that it is right.

So to the laws at large I write my name ; [*Subscribing.*

And he that breaks them, in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.

Suggestions⁵ are to others, as to me ;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted ?

King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain ;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain :

One, whom the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish like enchanting harmony ;

A man of complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,⁶

For interim to our studies, shall relate

In high-born words the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I,

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,

And I will use him for my minstrelsy.⁷

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard, the swain, and he shall be our sport ;

And so to study, three years is but short.

⁵ SUGGESTIONS,] *i.e.*, *temptations*, repeatedly so used by Shakespeare. To suggest generally means to *tempt*.

⁶ —that Armado HIGHT,] *i.e.*, That is *called* or *named* Armado.

⁷ And I will use him for my MINSTRELSY.] *i.e.*, "I will make a *minstrel* of him," "whose occupation", says Douce, "was to relate fabulous stories."

Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow. What wouldst?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough:⁸ but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arm—Arm—commends you. There's villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having:⁹ God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear, or forbear laughing?¹

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

⁸ —I am his grace's THARBOROUGH.] *i. e.*, Thirdborough, or constable: *farborough* in the 4to., 1598.

⁹ A high hope for a low HAVING:] Theobald substituted "having" for *heaven*, the reading of the 4to. and folios. He was, perhaps, right, though the Corr. fol. 1632, has *hearing*.

¹ —or forbear LAUGHING.] "Laughing" is also misprinted *hearing*, in the old copies—here confused.

Cost. In manner and form following, sir ; all those three : I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park ; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman ; for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir ?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction ; and God defend the right !

King. Will you hear this letter with attention ?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*Reads.*] “Great deputy, the welkin’s vice-gerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul’s earth’s God, and body’s fostering patron,—”

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. “So it is,—”

Cost. It may be so ; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so,—

King. Peace !

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

King. No words.

Cost. —of other men’s secrets, I beseech you.

King. “So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air ; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when ? About the sixth hour ; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the

ground which ; which, I mean, I walked upon : it is ycleped² thy park. Then for the place where ; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place, where :—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden :³ there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,”

Cost. Me.

King. “—that unlettered small-knowing soul,”

Cost. Me.

King. “—that shallow vessel,”⁴

Cost. Still me.

King. “—which, as I remember, hight Costard,”

Cost. O ! me.

King. “—sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with, —O ! with—but with this I passion to say wherewith.”

Cost. With a wench.

King. “—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female ; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.”

² YCLEPED,] *i. e.*, *Called* ; the past tense of the verb to *clepe*.

³ —thy curious-KNOTTED garden :] The “knots” were the fantastic figures of the beds, or borders, in a garden.

⁴ —that shallow VESSEL:] Misprinted *vassal*, in the 4to. and folios, but amended in the Corr. fol. 1632.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you : I am Antony Dull.

King. "For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury ; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

"DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst.—But, sirrah, what say you to this ?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation ?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir : I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir : she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied, too, for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity : I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence : you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—

My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er :
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt* KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE.]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir : for true it is, I was
taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl ;
and, therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity ! Afflic-
tion may one day smile again, and till then, set thee down,
sorrow !⁵

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Armado's House in the Park.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH, his page.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit
grows melancholy ?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why ? sadness is one and the self-same thing,
dear imp.

Moth. No, no ; O lord ! sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my
tender juvenal ?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my
tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior ? why tough senior ?

Moth. Why tender juvenal ? why tender juvenal ?

⁵ Set THEE down, sorrow !] So the 4to. : the folio omits "thee".
See act i, sc. 3 ; the saying was proverbial.

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt; or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?⁶

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [*Aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary: crosses love not him?⁷

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

⁶ What, that an eel is *INGENIOUS*?] "*Ingenious*", 4to., 1598: *ingenuous*, folio, 1632. The words were often spelt and used indifferently of old.

⁷ —*CROSSES* love not him?] By *crosses* Moth means money, So called, because it was frequently stamped with a cross.

Moth. How many is one thrice told ?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning : it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both : they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study ? Now, here is three studied ere you 'll thrice wink ; and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.⁸

Arm. A most fine figure !

Moth. [*Aside.*] To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love ; and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh : methinks, I should out-swear Cupid.—Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love ?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules !—More authority, dear boy,

⁸ —the DANCING HORSE will tell you.] The dancing horse was named Marocco, and was the property of a person of the name of Bankes. It had been taught to dance, to count, and to perform a number of feats: it was burned abroad for witchcraft.

name more ; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master ; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage ; for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson ! strong-jointed Samson ! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love, too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth ?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion ?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion ?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions ?

Moth. As I have read, sir ; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers ; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir, for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me !

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child ; most pretty, and pathetic !

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known ;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred :
And fears by pale-white shown ;
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know ;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.⁹

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of *The King and the Beggar*?¹

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found ; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard : she deserves well.

Moth. [*Aside.*] To be whipped ; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be pass'd.

⁹ Which NATIVE she doth owe.] *i.e.*, Of which she is *naturally* possessed. See *Tempest*, act i, sc. 2, p. 22, and often elsewhere.

¹ —the King and the Beggar?] See, for this often-quoted ballad, Percy's *Reliques*, vol. i, p. 202, edit. 1812.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe; and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.² Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Faq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Faq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Faq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Faq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Faq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Faq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain: shut him up.

² — for the DAY-WOMAN.] A "day-woman" is a dairy-woman, or milk-woman.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave : away !

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir : I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir ; that were fast and loose : thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see ?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words ; and therefore I will say nothing : I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH and COSTARD.]

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood), if I love ; and how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted ? Love is a familiar ; love is a devil : there is no evil angel but love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength : yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn ;³ the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not : his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour ! rust, rapier ! be still, drum ! for your armiger is in love ;⁴ yea,

³ The first and second cause will not serve my turn ;] See Touchstone's dissertation on the various causes of quarrel in *As you like it*, act v, sc. 4.

⁴ Your ARMIGER is in love.] "Armiger", according to the Corr. fol. 1632, is misprinted *manager* in the old copies : the error is easily accounted for, and *manager* is clearly out of place.

he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for,
I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer.⁵ Devise wit, write pen,
for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park. A Pavilion and
Tents at a distance.*

*Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHA-
RINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your clearest spirits,⁶
Consider whom the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy :
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre ; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,

⁵ I shall turn SONNETEER.] The old reading is, "I shall turn sonnet," which was altered by Sir T. Hanmer, and the sense seems to require the change. *Sonnetist* would answer the purpose.

⁶ Your CLEAREST spirits,] *i. e.*, *brightest* spirits: so the Corr. fol. 1632, for *dearest* spirits, which seems to have no meaning. Formerly "dear" certainly had an extended application, and was used sometimes even for *dire*: "full of dear guiltiness" is an expression in this play, act v, sc. 2.

And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise :
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker.—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court :
Therefore to us seem'th it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit.]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

1 *Lord.* Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man ?

Mar. I know him, madam : at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir

Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;
Well fitted in the arts ; glorious in arms :
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike ; is't so ?

Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest ?

Kath. The young Dumaine, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd :
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill,
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once ;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him : if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor),

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies ! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord ?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt ;
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

[*The ladies mask.*]

*Enter King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE, BIRON, and
Attendants.*

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again ; and welcome I have
not yet : the roof of this court is too high to be yours, and
welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then. Conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady : I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord ! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it ; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping :

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold :

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Giving a paper.*]

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it, then,
To ask the question !

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis 'long of you, that spur me with such ques-
tions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast ; 't will tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day ?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now, fair befall your mask !

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers !

Biron. And send you many lovers !

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we (as neither have)
Received that sum ; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more ; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If, then, the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns ; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine ;
Which we much rather had depart withal,⁷
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine, so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,

⁷ Which we much rather had DEPART withal,] To "depart" and to *part* were formerly used synonymously, as at this day in the marriage service.

In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it ;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word.—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound :
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me : at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair princess, within my gates ;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me ; and farewell :
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace !

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place !

[*Exeunt King and his train.*]

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations ; I would be glad
to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?⁸

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack! let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says, ay.

Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. *No point*, with my knife.⁹

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.]

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word. What lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit.]

Long. I beseech you, a word. What is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light. I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended:

She is a most sweet lady.

⁸ Is the FOOL sick?] So the 4to., 1598: the folio reads *soul*.

⁹ *No point*, with my knife.] A quibble on *Non point* in Fr., which occurs again, act v, sc. 2.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir : that may be. [Exit LONG.

Biron. What's her name, in the cap? [Advancing.

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. O! you are welcome, sir. Adieu.

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit BIRON.—The Ladies unmask.

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord :
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the
jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [Offering to kiss her.

Mar. Not so, gentle beast.

My lips are no common, though several they be.¹

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree.

This civil war of wits were much better used

On Navarre and his book-men, for here 'tis abused.

Boyet. If my observation (which very seldom lies),

¹ My lips are no COMMON, though SEVERAL they be.] Shakespeare clearly intends to play upon the words "common" and "several"; the first meaning open unenclosed land, and the last such as, having been once common, has been separated and made private property.

By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire :
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed :
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be ;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair.
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal, for some prince to buy ;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were
glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margin did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion : Boyet is dispos'd—²

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath
disclos'd.

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

² Boyet is DISPOS'D.] "Disposed", in Shakespeare's time, bore a double sense, one of them of a wanton character, to which the princess may here distantly refer.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is
but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child: make passionate my sense of
hearing.

Moth. *Concolinel*—² [*Singing.*]

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years: take this
key; give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately
hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French
brawl?

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master; but to jig off a tune at
the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it

² CONCOLINEL:] Most likely Moth here sang an Italian song, beginning *Con Colinel*; but none such, we believe, is now known. The songs thus introduced into old plays were usually popular, and it was, therefore, often thought unnecessary to give the words: other songs were sometimes substituted.

with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these, and make them men of note, (do you note me?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —“the hobby-horse is forgot”.³

Arm. Callest thou my love hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

³ The HOBBY-HORSE is forgot.] This is meant by Moth as the end of the line which Armado had begun with “But O,—but O,—.” In *Hamlet*, act iii, sc. 3, we have the whole line of the ballad, “For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot.” It seems to have been written to lament the omission of the hobby-horse in May-games.

Moth. A man, if I live: and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A messenger well sympathised; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: but I go.

Arm. The way is but short. Away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minime*, honest master; or, rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face;
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH, *with* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master! here's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.⁴

Cost. No igma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*! no salve in them all, sir:⁵ O, sir, a plantain, a plain plantain! no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*: no salve, sir, but a plantain.

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen: the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve.

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue, or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence, that hath tofore been sain.

I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

⁴ Come, thy *L'ENVOY*;—begin.] *L'envoy* is the old French word for the conclusion of a story or poem. Armado means, "Come to thy conclusion by beginning." *L'envoy* was adopted early in English.

⁵ No salve in them all, sir:] This is misprinted in the quarto, 1598, and in the folio, "no salve in *thee male*, sir". Tyrwhitt proposed to read "no salve in *them all*, sir," and so the Corr. fol. 1632.

Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my
l'envoy.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose. Would you
desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's
flat.—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see, a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argu-
ment begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then called you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argu-
ment in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a
shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*: I will speak that
l'envoy.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, marry, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O! marry me to one Frances?—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee free from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta. There is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents.—Moth, follow. [Exit.

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my inconvy Jew!⁶—

[Exit MOTH.]

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O! that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings, remuneration.—“What's the price of this inkle?⁷ A penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration:” why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

⁶ —my INCONY Jew!] “inconvy” is *fine, delicate, pretty*. It is of frequent occurrence, and we meet with it again in this play, act iv, sc. i. “Jew” seems used here as a term of endearment, and in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii, sc. i, Thisbe calls Pyramus “most lovely Jew”.

⁷ What's the price of this INKLE?] “Inkle” seems to have been a species of tape or binding. We have it mentioned again in *The Winter's Tale*, act iv, sc. 3, and in *Pericles*, act v, sc. i.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costárd! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O! why, then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship. God be wi' you.

Biron. O, stay, slave! I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O! this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.

Biron. O! thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave,
It is but this:—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her,
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon: go.

[Gives him money.]

Cost. Guerdon.—O! sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better. Most sweet guerdon!

I will do it, sir, in print.⁸—Guerdon—remuneration! [*Exit.*

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been
love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled,⁹ whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior,¹ giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of cod-pieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors,² (O my little heart!)
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright; being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;

⁸ —IN PRINT,] *i. e.*, *exactly*, with the utmost nicety.

⁹ WIMPLED,] An illusion to Cupid's blindness; a "wimple" being a covering for the eyes, a hood or veil.

¹ This SENIOR-JUNIOR,] In reference to the contrariety of love Shakespeare calls Cupid "senior-junior", and "giant-dwarf".

² —trotting PARITORS,] An apparitor, or paritor, is an officer of the bishop's court, who carries out citations.

A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard :
And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !
To pray for her ! Go to ; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan :
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [Exit.

ACT IV.SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

*Enter the Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE,
BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill ?

Boyet. I know not ; but I think it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.³
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch ;
On Saturday we will return to France.—

³ Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.] This mode of putting "a'" for *he*, in familiar conversation, was not confined by Shakespeare and other dramatists to characters of low life, though with them it is, perhaps, most frequent. We have already had instances in both respects.

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice :
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what ! first praise me, and again say no ?
O, short-liv'd pride ! Not fair ? alack for woe !

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now :
Where fair is not, paint cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true.

[*Giving him money.*]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see ! my beauty will be saved by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days !
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow :—now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot :
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't ;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes :
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart ;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all.⁴ Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest: it is so; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine.

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.⁵

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—

⁴ God dig-you-den all.] *i. e.*, *God give you good even all.* "Good den" is *good even*, and sometimes *good day*.

⁵ BREAK UP THIS CAPON.] *i. e.*, Open this letter. "To *break up*" was a phrase in carving poultry.

This letter is mistook ; it importeth none here :
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin.

We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [*Reads.*] "By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible ; true, that thou art beauteous ; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal ! The magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Penelophon ;⁶ and he it was that might rightly say *veni, vidi, vici* ; which to anatomise in the vulgar (O base and obscure vulgar !) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame : he came, one ; saw, two ; overcame, three. Who came ? the king ; Why did he come ? to see ; Why did he see ? to overcome : To whom came he ? to the beggar ; What saw he ? the beggar ; Whom overcame he ? the beggar. The conclusion is victory : on whose side ? the king's : the captive is enriched : on whose side ? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial : on whose side ? the king's ?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king, for so stands the comparison ; thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love ? I may. Shall I enforce thy love ? I could. Shall I entreat thy love ? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags ? robes ; for tittles ? titles ; for thyself ? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

"Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

"DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

⁶ See, for the ballad, Bp. Percy's *Reliques*, i, 166 ; edit. 1765.

"Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey :
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play ;
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then ?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den."

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter ?

What vane ? what weather-cock ? did you ever hear better ?

Boyet. I am much deceiv'd but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court ;

A phantasm, a Monarcho,⁶ and one that makes sport
To the prince and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this letter ?

Cost. I told you ; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it ?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady ?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords,
away.—

Here, sweet, put up this : 't will be thine another day.

[*Exeunt Princess and her Train.*]

⁶ A phantasm, a MONARCHO,] Monarcho was a character of the time, so called : See Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, folio 178. Meres also mentions Peter Shakerley, a person of a similar class, introducing both under the head of "Braggers"; and we have already seen that Armado is called the "Braggart".

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?⁷

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes
at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that
was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as
touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a
woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench,
as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.⁸

[*Exeunt ROS. and KATH.*]

⁷ —who is the SUITOR?] The joke depends upon the pronunciation of "suitor", *shooter*. In this play, in the last line but one of act iii, to "sue" is printed to "shue", both in the 4to. and in the folio; and here "suitor" is printed *shooter*.

⁸ An I cannot, another can.] This is, no doubt, the same song that Cricket refers to, near the end of "Wily Beguiled", 1606.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant : how both did fit it !

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark ! O ! mark but that mark : a mark, says my lady.

Let the mark have a prick in 't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand : i' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.⁹

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily ; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir : challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. *[Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.]*

Cost. By my soul, a swain ! a most simple clown !

Lord, lord ! how the ladies and I have put him down !

O' my troth, most sweet jests ! most incony vulgar wit,

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armado o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man !

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan !

To see him kiss his hand ! and how most sweetly a' will swear,

Looking babies in her eyes, his passion to declare—¹⁰

⁹ —by CLEAVING the pin.] *i. e.*, by hitting the mark exactly.

¹⁰ —his passion to declare.] This line has been recovered from the Corr. fol. 1632 : rhyme and sense both require it. The expression was proverbial.

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit !

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit !

Sola, sola !

[Shouting within. Exit COSTARD.]

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly ; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood ; ripe as the pomewater,¹ who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven ; and anon falleth, like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least : but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.²

Hol. Most barbarous intimation ! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way of explication ; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

¹ —ripe as the POMEWATER,] A juicy species of apple.

² —'twas a PRICKET.] "A buck of the first head" is a stag of five years old : "a pricket" is a stag of the second year.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*: 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O, thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;

He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink:

His intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, not to think,³

Only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants

Are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he;

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to set him in a school.

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,

Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book men: can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna,⁴ good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

³ not to think.] These words, and some others in this irregular rhyming speech, are derived from the Corr. fol. 1632; but something still seems wanting, which, unluckily, no authority supplies.

⁴ DICTYNNA,] Misprinted, in the old copies, *Dictissima* and *Dictima*—blunders sometimes preserved.

Dull. What is Dictynna ?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more ;

And raught not⁵ to five weeks when he came to five-score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed : the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity ! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old ; and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer ? and, to humour the ignorant, I have⁶ called the deer the princess killed, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge* ; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket ;
Some say a sore ; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell ; put *l* to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket ;
Or pricket sore, or else sorel ; the people fall a hooting.
If sore be sore, then *l* to sore makes fifty sores : O sore *l* !
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more *l*.

⁵ And RAUGHT not] *i. e.*, *Reached* not, or *attained* not.

⁶ —I have —] These words, wanting in the old copies, and apparently necessary, were inserted by Rowe.

Nath. A rare talent !

Dull. If a talent be a claw,⁷ look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple ; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions : these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners ; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you : you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle !* if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction : if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them ; but, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*. A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on.⁸ An if one should be pierced, which is the one ?

⁷ If a TALENT be a claw, &c.] In our author's time the *talon* of a bird was frequently written *talent*. Hence the quibble.

⁸ —*quasi* PERS-ON.] The joke depends upon "parson", as we now pronounce it, being then sometimes called *person*. Person is no doubt correct, from *persona ecclesiæ*, as Sir W. Blackstone observes, Comm. I, p. 383, edit. 1800. Jaquenetta, nevertheless, just afterwards, calls Sir Nathaniel *parson*, possibly here a misprint for *person*.

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead ! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth ; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine : 'tis pretty ; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter : it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado : I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan ! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice :

—Venegia, Venegia,

Chi non te vede, non te pregia.⁹

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan ! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa*.—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents ? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses ?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse : *lege, domine*.

Nath. [*Reads.*] If love make me forsworn,¹ how shall I swear to love ?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed !

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove ;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

⁹ non te pregia.] This scrap of Italian, and the preceding passage from the commencement of the Mantuan's *Eclogues*, are barbarously printed in the old copies. In Florio's *Second Fruits*, 1591, the proverbial saying about Venice is given as in the text, and from thence, perhaps, Shakespeare derived it.

¹ If love make me forsworn,] Jaggard inserted this poem in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, not being aware, perhaps, that it had been printed the year before in this play : at all events, he used a different copy, though the variations are not material.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend :
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend ;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder ;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire.
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
Celestial, as thou art, O ! pardon love this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue !

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent ; let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified :² but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man : and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention ? *Imitari* is nothing : so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the 'tired horse his rider.—But damosella, virgin, was this directed to you ?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one. Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.³

Hol. I will overglance the superscript : "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto : "Your

² Here are only numbers ratified ;] In the old copies, there is from first to last, in this scene, much confusion of persons in the prefixes, and this speech is given to *Nath*. We have endeavoured to arrange them as the poet probably intended.

³ Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.] Biron was one of the king's lords ; and Jaquenetta stated, just after her entrance, that the letter was sent to her by Armado.

ladyship's, in all desired employment, Biron." Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king ; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's ; which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet : deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king ; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment ; I forgive thy duty : adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life !

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt COST. and JAQ.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously ; and, as a certain father saith—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father ; I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses : did they please you, sir Nathaniel ?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine ; where if before repast it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *benvenuto* ; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too ; for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*To DULL*] I do invite you too : you shall not say me nay : *pauca verba*.—Away ! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Park.**Enter BIRON, with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch—pitch that defiles. Defile? a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me: i' faith I will not. O! but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye I would not love her! yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!
[*Gets up into a tree.*⁴

*Enter the King, with a paper.**King.* Ay me!

Biron. [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.—In faith, secrets!—

⁴ Gets up into a tree.] The old stage-direction is, "He stands aside"; but it is evident, from what Biron says on the entrance of Dumaine, that he was above the others.

King. [*Reads.*] So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
 To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
 As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
 The dew of night that on my cheeks down flows :
 Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
 Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
 As doth thy face through tears of mine give light ;
 Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep :
 No drop but as a coach doth carry thee ;
 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
 And they thy glory through my grief will show :
 But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
 O queen of queens ! how far dost thou excel
 No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

How shall she know my griefs ? I'll drop the paper.—
 Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here ?

[*Steps aside.*]

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

[*Aside.*] What, Longaville ! and reading ? listen, ear.

Biron. [*Aside.*] Now, in thy likeness one more fool
 appear !

Long. Ay me ! I am forsworn.

Biron. [*Aside.*] Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing
 papers.⁵

King. [*Aside.*] In love, I hope. Sweet fellowship in
 shame !

⁵ Why, he comes in like a PERJURE, wearing papers.] The 4to., 1598, and folio 1623, have "perjure", the old word for perjurer, but the folio of 1632 absurdly altered it to *perjurd*. Perjurers wore papers, stating their offence, when they were punished.

Biron. [*Aside.*] One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort: not by two
that I know.

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.

O sweet Marià, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [*Aside.*] O! rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's
hose:

Disfigure not his shape.⁶

Long. This same shall go.—

[*He reads the sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is:

If broken, then, it is no fault of mine.

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,

To lose an oath, to win a paradise?

⁶ Disfigure not his SHAPE.] So the MS. corrector of Lord Ellesmere's copy of the folio of 1623 would read, instead of *shop*, as it stands in the folio and quarto. Theobald substituted *slop*, perhaps rightly.

Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein,⁷ which makes flesh
a deity ;

A green goose, a goddess : pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend ! we are much out o' the way.

Long. By whom shall I send this ?—Company ! stay.
[*Steps aside.*]

Biron. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid ; an old infant, play.
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky—
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

Enter DUMAINE, with a paper.

More sacks to the mill ! O heavens ! I have my wish :
Dumaine transform'd ? four woodcocks in a dish !

Dum. O most divine Kate !

Biron. [*Aside.*] O most profane coxcomb !

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye !

Biron. [*Aside.*] By earth, she is but corporal ;⁸ there you
lie.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted.

Biron. [*Aside.*] An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. [*Aside.*] Stoops, I say :
Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

⁷ This is the LIVER vein,] In reference to the supposition, then general, and often alluded to by Shakespeare and other writers, that the liver was the seat of love.

⁸ By earth she is BUT corporal.] "But" is *not* in the old copies, a very usual misprint, which occurs again in this very scene where, farther on, Biron says, "Young blood doth *but* obey an old decree:" "but" is there again misprinted *not*.

Biron. [*Aside.*] Ay, as some days ; but then no sun must shine.

Dum. O, that I had my wish !

Long. [*Aside.*] And I had mine !

King. [*Aside.*] And I mine, too, good lord !⁹

Biron. [*Aside.*] Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word ?

Dum. I would forget her ; but a fever she Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. [*Aside.*] A fever in your blood ? why, then, incision

Would let her out in saucers : sweet misprision !

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. [*Aside.*] Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

Dum. [*Reads.*] On a day, alack the day !
 Love, whose month is ever May,
 Spied a blossom, passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air :
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But alack ! my hand is sworn,
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
 Vow, alack ! for youth unmeet,
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee ;

⁹ And *I* mine too, good Lord !] The pronoun "I", necessary to the sense, is omitted in all the old impressions.

Thou for whom great Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's lasting pain.
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjurd note ;
For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long. [*Advancing.*] Dumaine, thy love is far from
charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society :
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. [*Advancing.*] Come, sir, your blush ; as his your
case is such ;
You chide at him, offending twice as much :
You do not love Maria ; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion :
Ay me ! says one ; O Jove, the other cries ;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes :
You would for paradise break faith and troth. [*To LONG.*
And Jove for your love would infringe an oath.

[*To DUMAINE.*

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—

[*Descending from the tree.*]

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me:
Good heart! what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches;¹ in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing:
Tush! none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O! what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me! with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief? O! tell me, good Dumaine:
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?

¹ —no COACHES;] *Couches*, in the old copies, 4to. and folio: it refers to the ninth line of the king's sonnet, on p. 54.

And where my liege's? all about the breast?—
A caudle, ho!²

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in:
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.³
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love?⁴ or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What, peasant, hast thou there?

² A CAUDLE, ho!] Misprinted in the folio, 1623, and in the three others, "A candle, ho!"

³ With MOON-LIKE men of STRANGE inconstancy.] Such is the excellent reading of M. Mason for "*men, like men*" of the old editions: "strange" was added in the fol. of 1632.

⁴ Or groan for LOVE?] The 4to, 1598, belonging to Lord Ellesmere, has "Or grone for *Ione*," quite distinctly printed; while that of the Duke of Devonshire has, as distinctly, "Or grone for *Love*." Lower down, according to the Corr. fol. 1632, the king asks Costard, "What, peasant, hast thou there?" instead of *present*: Costard brought no *present*, and the king plainly saw he was a "peasant".

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

Faq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [BIRON reads the letter.
Where hadst thou it?

Faq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear
it? [Tearing the paper.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's
hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[Picking up the pieces.

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! [To COSTARD]
you were born to do me shame.—

Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me, fool, to make up
the mess.

He, he, and you, aye you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O! dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four.—

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs ; away !

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt* COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.]

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O ! let us embrace.

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be :

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face ;

Young blood doth but obey an old decree :

We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What ! did these rent lines show some love of thine ?

Biron. Did they ? quoth you. Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head ; and, stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?

What peremptory, eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty ?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now ?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,

She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron.

O ! but for my love, day would turn to night.

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek ;

Where several worthies make one dignity,

Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

Fie, painted rhetoric ! O ! she needs it not :

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs ;
She passes praise ; then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O ! 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !⁵

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O ! who can give an oath ? where is a book ?

That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look :

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night ;⁶

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O ! if in black my lady's brow be deck'd,

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,

Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of these days ;

For native blood is counted painting now,

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

⁵ O WOOD divine !] The old copies, by a misprint, read, "O word divine." Theobald's correction.

⁶ The SCOWL of night ;] This is also Theobald's text. The old copies have "the school of night ;" and the Corr. fol. 1632, "the shade of night ;" *stole* and *soil* have also been needlessly suggested.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'T were good, yours did ; for, sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love : my foot and her face see.

Biron. O ! if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dum. O vile ! then, as she goes, what upward lies

The streets should see, as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this ? Are we not all in love ?

Biron. Nothing so sure ; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat : and, good Biron, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry there ; some flattery for this evil.

Long. O ! some authority how to proceed ;

Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O ! 'tis more than need.—

Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.

Consider, what you first did swear unto ;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman :

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young,

And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book,
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the Academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up⁷
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion, and long-during action, tire
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study, too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is:
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
With ourselves,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O! we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?

⁷ — PRISONS up] The old reading, 4to. and folio, is *poisons* up.

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,
And, therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil ;
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain,
But with the motion of all elements
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd :
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails :
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
For valour is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs ;
O ! then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humanity.⁸
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,

⁸ —mild HUMANITY.] *Humility* in the old copies, but most fitly amended in the Corr. fol. 1632.

That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

*Biron. Allons ! Allons !*⁸—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn ;
And justice always whirls in equal measure :

Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir : your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious ; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,⁹ audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te : his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too

⁸ ALLONS ! ALLONS !] "Alone, alone", 4to, 1598, and the folios. It occurs again at the end of the first scene of act v, where it is also misprinted, *alone*.

⁹ —witty without AFFECTION,] *i. e.*, *affectation*, a sense common in Shakespeare and in other writers of his time.

affected, too odd, as it were, too perigrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Taking out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abominable¹⁰ (which he would call abominable), it insinuateth one of insanie:¹ *ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. Bone?—bone, for *bene*: Priscian a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTHE, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirrah!

[*To MOTHE.*

Hol. *Quare chirrah, not sirrah?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

¹⁰ This is ABHOMINABLE,] This was a frequent mode of spelling the word before the time of Shakespeare. It seems to have been going out of use when this play was written, and *abominable* soon was more usually spelt *abominable*.

¹ "Insanie" is misprinted *infamie* in all the old impressions, but altered in the Corr. fol. 1632. *Me* is also there amended to "one".

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O! they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.²

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [*To HOL.*] are you not lettered?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book.—What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba! most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.⁴

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit!³ snip, snap, quick and home: it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit!

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

² —a FLAP-DRAGON.] A *flap-dragon* was a small inflammable substance, which vaunting toppers used to swallow, floating on the top of their wine.

³ —a quick VENUEW of wit;] a “venew” or *venie*, was then the technical term for a *hit* at the fencing-school.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant : go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circà*. A gig of a cuckold's horn !

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread : hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O ! an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me. Go to ; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O ! I smell false Latin ; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula* : we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the large-house⁴ on the top of the mountain ?

Hol. Or *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon : the word is well culled, chosen, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir ; I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar ; I do assure you, my very good friend.—For what is inward

⁴ —at the LARGE-HOUSE.] Probably, *charge-house* of the old copies is only a misprint for "*large house*", and such is the change made in the Corr. fol. 1632.

between us, let it pass.—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other important and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too,—but let that pass;—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breakings out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies.—Sir Nathaniel,⁵ as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess,—I say, none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman,

⁵ Sir Nathaniel,] Absurdly misprinted "*Sir Holofernes*" in all the old copies.

Judas Maccabeus ; this swain (because of his great limb or joint), shall pass as Pompey the Great ; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir ; error : he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb ; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience ? he shall present Hercules in minority : his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake ; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device ! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules ! now thou crushest the snake !" that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies ?

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman !

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing ?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not,⁶ an antick. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via !*—Goodman Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons !* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance or so ; or I will play on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull.—To our sport, away !

[*Exeunt.*

⁶ —if this FADGE not,] *i. e.*, Suit not, or answer not the purpose —a word of by no means uncommon occurrence.

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Park. Before the Princess's Pavilion.*

Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in :
A lady wall'd about with diamonds !—
Look you what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that ?

Prin. Nothing but this ? yes ; as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margin and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax ;⁷
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him : a' kill'd your
sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;
And so she died : had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might a' been a grandam ere she died ;
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light
word ?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff ;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

⁷ —to make his god-head wax ;] *i. e.*, *grow* : the pun is obvious.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not?—O! that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.—

But Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew;

An if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favour were as great: be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:

The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O! he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Prin. Anything like?

Ros. Much, in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink: a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:

O, that your face were not so full of O's!

Prin. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows!

But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumaine?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and, moreover,

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville ;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short ?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

O ! that I knew he were but in by the week !⁸
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my behests,⁹
And make him proud to make me proud that jests !
So potently would I o'ersway his state,¹
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,

⁸ —in by the week !] *i. e.*, For a certainty, and for a fixed period.
The expression was common.

⁹ —wholly to my BEHESTS,] This alteration was made by the
editor of the folio, 1632 ; in that of 1623, as well as in the 4to. of
1598, *device* is misprinted for "behests".

¹ So POTENTLY would I o'ersway his state,] The 4to, 1598, has
"perttaunt like", and the folio, 1623, "pertaunt like", which is exactly
followed by the folio, 1632.

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O ! I am stabb'd with laughter. Where's her
grace ?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet ?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare !

Arm, wenches, arm ! encounterers mounted are
Against your peace. Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments : you'll be surpris'd.
Muster your wits ; stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to saint Cupid ! What are they,
That charge the breach against us ?² say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour,
When, lo ! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address
The king and his companions : warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear ;
That by and by disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy :

² That charge the BREACH against us.] The princess supposes a siege, and that a breach is charged by the enemy: the old copies absurdly read, "That charge *their breath* against us". Nobody has attempted to explain what is meant by "charge their breath".

Action, and accent, did they teach him there ;
 "Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear :"
 And ever and anon they made a doubt
 Presence majestical would put him out ;
 "For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see ;
 Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
 The boy replied, "An angel is not evil ;
 I should have feared her, had she been a devil."
 With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
 Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
 One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
 A better speech was never spoke before :
 Another, with his finger and his thumb,
 Cry'd "*Via!* we will do 't, come what will come :"
 The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well :"
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
 With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
 To check their folly, passion's sudden tears.³

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us ?

Boyet. They do, they do, and are apparel'd thus,—
 Like Muscovites, or Russians : as I guess,
 Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance ;
 And every one his love-suit will advance
 Unto his several mistress ; which they 'll know
 By favours several, which they did bestow.

³ "Passion's SUDDEN tears"] is misprinted "passion's solemn tears" in all the early impressions, but amended to "*sudden* tears" in the Corr. fol. 1632. In the same way it alters "love-feat" to *love-suit*, most incontrovertibly, just below.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd,
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold, Rosaline; this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change you favours, too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then: wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Bcyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's
heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;

And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers
come. [The Ladies mask.

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE, in
Russian habits, and masked, MOTH, and Attendants;
all preceded by Blackamoors, with music.*

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.⁴

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[The Ladies turn their backs to him.

That ever turn'd their backs to mortal views!

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out—

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe

Not to behold—

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,—with
your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;

You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? begone, you rogue.

[Exit MOTH.]

⁴ Beauties no richer than rich taffata.] This line, the folios and quarto give to Biron; not to Boyet, to whom in all probability it belongs, and to whom Theobald first assigned it.

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O, vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one
change.

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then! nay, you must do it soon.

[*Music plays.*]

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus es-
tranged?

Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The music plays: vouchsafe some motion to it.⁶

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice. Take hands:—we will not dance.

King. Why take we hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends.—

Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure: be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

⁶ The music plays: vouchsafe some motion to it.] In the old copies this line is assigned to Rosaline, when it clearly belongs to the King. In other places the dialogue is confusedly appropriated.

King. Prize you yourselves : what buys your company ?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought ; and so adieu.

Twice to your visor, and half once to you !

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

[*They converse apart.*]

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar : there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys (an if you grow so nice),
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.—Well run, dice !

There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu.

Since you can cog,⁷ I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall ? bitter.

Biron. Therefore, meet.

[*They converse apart.*]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word ?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so ? Fair lord.—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

⁷ Since you can COG,] To *cog* is, technically, to load dice, and metaphorically to deceive and cheat. It is of constant occurrence.

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

Kath. What! was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason? quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman.—Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No; I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it: it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
mocks.

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then: the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense, so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids: break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches: you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt KING, Lords, MOTH, Music, and Attendants.*]

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumaine is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear.

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes ; for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return ?

Boyet.

They will, they will, God knows ;

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows :

Therefore, change favours ; and, when they repair,

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud :

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds,² or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity ! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo ?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well, known, as disguis'd.
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd, like Muscovites, in shapeless gear ;
And wonder what they were ; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw ; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt* Princess, ROS., KATH., and MARIA.]

² Are angels VAILING clouds,] *i. e.*, as it were, angels lowering the clouds that concealed them.

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?³

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God doth please.
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve:
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he,
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy:
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering
Mend him who can; the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;⁴

³ Command me any service to her THITHER?] Thither, necessary to the line, is omitted in the folio 1623.

⁴ To show his teeth as white as WHALE'S bone:] *i. e.* As white as the bone or tooth of the walrus, of old called the whale. The expression was common at a very early date in our language.

And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due⁵ of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the Princess, ushered by BOYET ; ROSALINE, MARIA,
KATHARINE, *and* Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man showed thee?⁶ and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better: I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it, then.

Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should have
spoke,

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

⁵ Pay him the DUE] *Duty*, folio 1623, to the ruin of the measure.

⁶ Till this MAN show'd thee?] The old copies all have it, absurdly,
"Till this *mad* man show'd thee?"

King. O! you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited; much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear:

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam! Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord:
My lady (to the manner of these days)
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet,⁷
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O! I am yours, and all that I possess.

⁷ FAIR, gentle sweet,] "Fair" is an insertion in the second folio, probably in order to complete the defective measure.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried: they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your highness sad?

Ros. Help! hold his brows! he'll swoon. Why look
you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn; confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song;

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical: these summer flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them; and I here protest,

By this white glove (how white the hand, God knows),

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes :
And, to begin,—wench, so God help me, la !
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans "sans", I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage :—bear with me, I am sick ;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft ! let us see :—
Write *Lord have mercy on us*⁸ on those three ;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies ;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :
These lords are visited ; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our 'states are forfeit : seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so ; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?

Biron. Peace ! for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves : my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgres-
sion

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd ?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd ?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

⁸ Write, *Lord have mercy on us*] The inscription upon the doors
of houses infected with the plague—"the Lord's tokens".

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace! peace! forbear:

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.⁹

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and, therefore, keep it.—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.—
What! will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on't:—here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy.

⁹ you FORCE not to forswear.] *i.e.*, You do not *hesitate*, or use *force* when you forswear. This idiomatic use of the word is very old in our language.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,¹
 Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
 That smiles his cheek in years,² and knows the trick
 To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,
 Told our intents before; which once disclosed,
 The ladies did change favours; and then we,
 Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
 Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
 We are again forsworn—in will, and error.
 Much upon this it is:—and might not you [To BOYET.
 Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
 Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,³
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
 And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
 You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
 You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
 Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
 Hath this brave manage,⁴ this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

¹ —some slight ZANY,] This is the correction of the folio, 1623: the 4to. reads, *saine*, for “zany”.

² That smiles his cheek in YEARS;] The old copies are uniform in this reading, which is very intelligible: Biron is speaking of some courtier who smiles his cheek *into* an appearance of age, by constant grinning. Malone altered “years” into *jeers*.

³ —by the SQUIRE,] From *esquierre*, Fr. a *rule*, or *square*.

⁴ Hath this brave MANAGE,] A term from the tilt-yard. The 4to, 1598, has *nuage*, the folio, 1623, *manager*. We have seen it already (p. 20) substitute *manager* for “armiger”.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit ! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three ?

Cost. No, sir ; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir ; under correction, sir, I hope it is
not so.

You cannot beg us,⁵ sir, I can assure you, sir ; we know
what we know :

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth
amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord ! sir, it were pity you should get your
living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it ?

Cost. O Lord ! sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir,
will show whereuntil it doth amount : for mine own part, I
am, as they say, but to pursent one man,—e'en one poor
man—Pompion the Great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies ?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion
the Great : for mine own part, I know not the degree of
the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

⁵ You cannot BEG us,] Meaning, you cannot solicit for the profitable wardship of us, as idiots or lunatics.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir : we will take some care. [Exit COSTARD.

King. Biron, they will shame us ; let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord ; and 'tis some policy

To have one show worse than the king's, and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now.

That sport best pleases that doth least know how :

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

Die in the zeal of them which it presents ;

Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,

When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[ARMADO converses with the King, and delivers a paper to him.

Prin. Doth this man serve God ?

Biron. Why ask you ?

Prin. A' speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch ; for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical ; too, too vain ; too, too vain : but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement !

[Exit ARMADO.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy ; the swain, Pompey the

Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus. And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate throw at novum,⁶ and the whole world again Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter COSTARD, armed for Pompey.

Cost. *I Pompey am,—*

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. *I Pompey am,—*

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.⁷

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. *I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,—*

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is great, sir;—*Pompey surnam'd the Great; That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:*

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,

⁶ Abate throw at NOVUM,] *Novum* or *Novem*, was a game at dice, and "Abate throw at novum" seems equivalent to saying, "barring a throw at dice", or barring the chance of throwing, these persons cannot be matched.

⁷ With LIBBARD'S head on knee.] Pompey wore a leopard's or "libbard's" head upon his knee, as a protection and ornament.

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.

If your ladyship would say, *Thanks, Pompey*, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth ; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in *Great*.

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Sir NATHANIEL armed, for Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander ;*

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might :

My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander.

Boyet. Your nose says, No, you are not ; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismayed.—Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander ;—*

Boyet. Most true ; 'tis right : you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O ! sir, [*To NATH.*] you have overthrown Alisander the Conqueror. You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this : your lion, that holds his poll-axe

sitting on a close-stool,⁸ will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak? run away for shame, Alisander. [NATH. *retires.*] There, an't shall please you: a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, alas! you see, how 'tis;—a little o'erparted.—But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

King. Stand aside, good Pompey. [COSTARD *retires.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, *armed for Judas, and* MOTH, *armed for Hercules.*

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority,

Ergo, I come with this apology.—

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [*Exit* MOTH.]

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—

Judas I am, ycleped Maccabæus.

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor!—How art thou prov'd Judas?

⁸ —lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting,] “This alludes to the arms given in the old history of *The Nine Worthies*”, says Tollet, “to ‘Alexander, the which did beare geules, a lion or, seiante in a chayer, holding a battle-ax argent.’” Leigh’s *Accidence of Armory*, 1597, p. 23. The second part of the joke arises out of the similarity of sound between *Ajax* and *a jakes*.

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir: you are my elder.

Biron. Well followed! Judas was hanged on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer. And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-faced them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay; why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude? give it him:—Jud-as, away!

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited !

Enter ARMADO, armed for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles : here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector ?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No ; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god, or a painter ; for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—*

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace !

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion ;

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight ye,

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten. Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried : when he breathed, he was a man.—But I will forward with my device. Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[BIRON *whispers* COSTARD.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector : we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—*

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector : she is gone ; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou ?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away : she's quick ; the child brags in her belly already : 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates ? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey !

Boyet. Renowned Pompey !

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey ! Pompey the huge !

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved.—More Ates, more Ates ! stir them on ! stir them on !

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt. I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter Monsieur MERCADE, a messenger.

Mer. God save you, madam.

Prin. Welcome, Mercade,
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam, for the news I bring

Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so: my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt the Worthies.*]

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare: I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so: I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits.
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears but a humble tongue.⁹
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parting time expressly forms¹
All causes to the purpose of his speed;

⁹ A heavy heart bears BUT a humble tongue.] So the Corr. fol. 1632: in the original editions "but" is *not*, a most frequent error, and here puzzling many commentators by contradicting the whole meaning of the speech of the sorrowing Princess.

¹ The extreme parting time EXPRESSLY forms.] This is the emendation of the Corr. fol. 1632, for the nonsense of the old copies, "The extreme part of time extremely forms, &c." The King, of course, means that at the moment people are hurrying away, all things are made to contribute to the purpose of speed: the old compositor blundered

And often, at his very loose, decides
 That which long process could not arbitrate :
 And though the mourning brow of progeny
 Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
 The holy suit which fain it would convince ;²
 Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
 Let not the crowd of sorrow justle it
 From what it purpos'd ; since, to wail friends lost
 Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not : my griefs are dull.³

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief ;
 And by these badges understand the king.
 For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
 Play'd foul play with our oaths : your beauty, ladies,
 Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
 Even to the opposed end of our intents ;
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
 As love is full of unbefitting strains ;
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;
 Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
 Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
 Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll

between the two words "extreme" and "expressly", each beginning with the same letters, and his error has been repeated in every impression, ancient and modern.

² CONVINCE:] *i. e.*, *Overcome*, or obtain by overcoming.

³ —my griefs are DULL.] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for "my griefs are *double*", an emendation that every editor has accepted, even at the moment he was rejecting other admirable changes of text, on the same authority, in the immediate neighbourhood.

To every varied object in his glance :
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecome our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make them. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you :
And even that falsehood, in itself so base,⁴
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have received your letters, full of love ;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love ;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time.⁵
But more devout than this, in our respects
Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

⁴ —in itself SO BASE.] We may feel sure that Biron meant to conclude with a rhyme, but the old printer altered "so base" into *a sin*, and spoiled the jingle. Fourteen lines earlier he misprinted "strange" *straying*, and in this part of the play was especially careless.

⁵ AS BOMBAST, and as lining to the time :] *i.e.*, To fill up the time, as *bombast* was formerly used to fill up and stuff out dress.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness ; and therefore this.—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me :
Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love ;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge by these deserts,
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine ; and, till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !

Hence ever, then, my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank :

You are attaint with faults and perjury ;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.⁶

Dum. But what to me, my love ? but what to me ?

Cath. A wife !—A beard, fair health, and honesty ;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O ! shall I say, " I thank you, gentle wife " ?

Cath. Not so, my lord, a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say :
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Cath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria ?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience ; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you : few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady ? mistress look on me :
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there ;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,

⁶ But seek the weary beds of people sick.] This, and the five preceding lines, are no doubt a repetition, but we are afraid of doing the violence to the text of omitting them, as has usually been done, although the dialogue certainly reads better without them : the reader can easily pass them over, but they are found in every old copy, and in every new one until the time of Warburton. They may have been part of the original draught of the comedy, and thus became inserted ; if so, they are a literary curiosity.

Before I saw you, and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks ;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit :
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches ; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death ?
It cannot be ; it is impossible :
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,
And I will have you, and that fault withal ;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth ? well ; befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord ; and so I take my leave.

[To the King]

King. No, madam ; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play :

Jack hath not Jill : these ladies' courtesy

Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 't will end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector ?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am
a votary : I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough
for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed great-
ness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men
have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo ? it
should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly ; we will do so.

Arm. Holla ! approach.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and
others.*

This side is Hiems, winter ; this Ver, the spring ; the one
maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

Spring. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he ;

Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

III.

Winter. When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who,
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.⁷

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who,

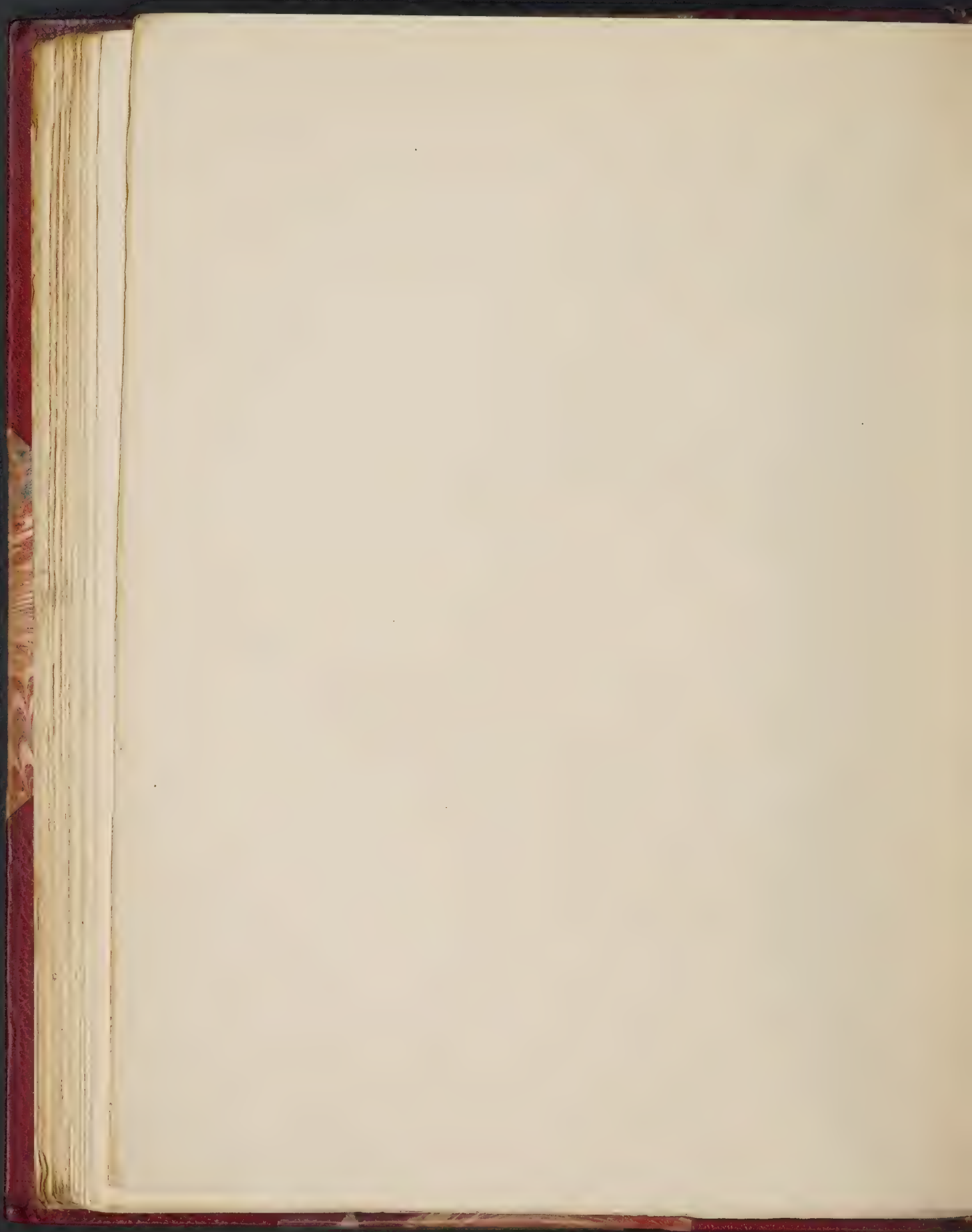
⁷ KEEL the pot.] To "keel" means to *cool*, and sometimes to *skim*: either sense will here answer the purpose.

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of
Apollo. You, that way : we, this way.⁸

[*Exeunt.*

⁸ You, that way : we, this way] These words are found only in the folios, beginning with that of 1623 ; and they are there, together with the preceding line, assigned, for the first time, to Armado. The 4to, 1598, ends very abruptly, and we may doubt whether we have, either in the folio or in the quarto, the original conclusion of the play : hence, perhaps, the confusion as to the lines repeated on p. 107.



A
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

EDITED BY
J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

EGEUS, *Father to Hermia.*

LYSANDER, } *in love with Hermia.*
DEMETRIUS.

PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the Revels to Theseus.*

QUINCE, *a Carpenter.*

SNUG, *a Joiner.*

BOTTOM, *a Weaver.*

FLUTE, *a Bellows-mender.*

SNOUT, *a Tinker.*

STARVELING, *a Tailor.*

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons.*

HERMIA, *in love with Lysander.*

HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*

TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*

PUCK, *or Robin-Goodfellow.*

PEAS-BLOSSOM, } *Fairies.*
COBWEB,
MOTH,
MUSTARD-SEED, }

PYRAMUS, } *Characters in the Interlude.*
THISBE,
WALL,
MOONSHINE,
LION, }

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE : Athens, and a wood not far from it.

¹ The two quartos, by different printers but both dated 1600, and the four folio editions, are without any enumeration of persons. It was first given by Rowe.

A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace : four happy days bring in
Another moon ; but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes ! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights ;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time ;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven,² shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments ;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth :
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,

² NEW bent in heaven,] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for "*Now* bent", of all the old editions : Rowe was the first editor who, most properly, altered *Now* to "New".

The pale companion is not for our pomp.—

[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love doing thee injuries ;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, *with his daughter* HERMIA, LYSANDER,
and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke !

The. Thanks, good Egeus : what's the news with thee ?

Ege. Full of vexation come I ; with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius.³—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander ;—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child :
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child :
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love ;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats, messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth :
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart ;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness.—And, my gracious duke,

³ Stand forth, Demetrius.—] In all the old editions, "Stand forth, Demetrius", and afterwards, "Stand forth, Lysander", are printed as stage-directions, and not as part of the text, to which they belong.

Be it so, she will not here, before your grace,
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her ;
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia ? be advis'd, fair maid.
To you your father should be as a god ;
One that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is ;
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes !

The. Rather, your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts ;
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires ;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,

Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage ;
But earthly happier is the rose distill'd,⁴
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause : and by the next new moon,—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
For everlasting bond of fellowship,—
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would ;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia ;—and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius ;
Let me have Hermia's : do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander ! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him ;

⁴ But EARTHLY HAPPIER is the rose distill'd,] The old editions read, *earthlier happy* ; but there can be little doubt that the printer mistook, and made the wrong word in the comparative degree.

And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd
(If not with vantage) as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus: you shall go with me.
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will,
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolita: what cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty, and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt* THES. HIP. EGE. DEM. and Train.]

Lys. How now, my love? why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years:—

Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,⁵
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,⁶
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If, then, true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then, let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,

⁵ Making it MOMENTARY as a sound,] The folio 1623 changes "momentary", into *momentary*: but "momentary" is the older word, though still in use in Dryden's time.

⁶ —in the COLLIED night,] *i. e.*, In the *black (i. e., coalied)* night.

Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion : therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow-aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child :
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues ;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night,
And in the wood, a league without the town,
(Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May),
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander !
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen ;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever woman spoke ;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed, fair Helena ! Whither away ?

Hel. Call you me fair ? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair ;⁷ O happy fair !
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air,
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching ; O ! were favour so,
Your's would I catch, fair Hermia ; ere I go,
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O ! teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill !

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move !

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty : would that fault were mine !

Her. Take comfort : he no more shall see my face ;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me :

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell !

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.

To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold

Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,

⁷ Demetrius loves your FAIR :] *i. e.*, fairness or beauty.

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal),
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet ;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.⁸
Farewell, dear playfellow : pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius !—
Keep word, Lysander : we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit* HERM.]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu :
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you !

[*Exit* LYS.]

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be !
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she ;
But what of that ? Demetrius thinks not so ;
He will not know what all but he do know ;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities,
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind :
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste ;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste :

⁸ —and stranger COMPANIES.] Three lines above, Theobald altered *swell'd*, of the old copies, to "sweet", and, in this line, *companions* to *companies*, both for the sake of the rhyme : he was probably right.

And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd everywhere;
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in Quince's Cottage.*

*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and
STARVELING.*⁹

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man,
according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is
thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude
before the duke and duchess on his wedding-day at night.

⁹ Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.] The
old stage-direction gives their different trades,—“Enter Quince, the
carpenter; Snug, the joiner; Bottom, the weaver; Flute, the bellows-
mender; Snout, the tinker; and Starveling, the tailor.”

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on ; then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbys.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus ? a lover, or a tyrant ?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it : if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes ; I will move storms ; I will condole in some measure. To the rest :—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant : I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“ The raging rocks,
“ And shivering shocks,
“ Shall break the locks
“ Of prison-gates :
“ And Phibbus’ car
“ Shall shine from far,
“ And make and mar
“ The foolish fates.¹

¹ The foolish fates.] These lines are printed as prose in all the old copies. No doubt they are a quotation from some old rustic play, on the story of *Hercules*, as Bottom would hardly have been made extemporise to the extent of eight lines.

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman: I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one. You shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice:—*Thisne, Thisne—*
Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus,—and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father.—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part; and, I hope here is a play fitted.²

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

² HERE is a play fitted.] The folio reads, *there*.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me: I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again: let him roar again!*

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove: I will roar you an 't were any nightingale.³

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentlemanlike man: therefore, you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight: there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known.

³ I will roar YOU an 'twere any nightingale.] The folio omits "you"; but we find it in both quartos.

In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously.

Quin. Take pains; be perfect; adieu. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough, hold, or cut bow-strings.⁴

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Wood near Athens.*

*Enter a Fairy and PUCK from opposite sides.*⁵

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,

⁴ —hold, or cut BOW-STRINGS.] This seems intended for a strong assurance of a determination to keep the appointment: the origin of the phrase is clearly from archery.

⁵ The old stage had doors, although the scene was "A Wood": the direction in the 4tos. and folios is "Enter a Fairy at one door, and Robin Good-fellow at another".

Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green :
The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
In their gold coats⁵ spots you see,
Those be rubies, fairy favours ;
In those freckles live their savours.

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits : I'll be gone.
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night.
Take heed the queen come not within his sight ;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king :
She never had so sweet a changeling ;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild ;
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy :
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square ; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery ;

⁵ In their gold COATS—] In the Corr. fol. 1632, "coats" is amended to *cups*; but "coats" is not obviously wrong.

Skims milk, and sometimes labours in the quern,⁶
 And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn ;
 And sometime makes the drink to bear no barm ;⁷
 Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck :
 Are not you he ?

Puck. Fairy, thou speak'st aright ;⁸

I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab ;
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough ;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and laugh,
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
 But room, Fairy : here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress.—Would that he were gone !

⁶ —in the QUERN,] *i. e.*, In the *mill*, from kuerna, Islandic.

⁷ —the drink to bear no BARM ;] *i. e.*, Not to work : "barm" is *yeast*.

⁸ FAIRY, thou speak'st aright ;] "Fairy" is from the Corr. fol. 1632. Various methods of completing the halting measure have been conjecturally adopted, but here we may be pretty sure we have the poet's own word.

*Enter OBERON, from one side, with his train, and
TITANIA, from the other, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then, I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India,
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded? and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogs ; which, falling in the land,
 Have every pelting river made so proud,
 That they have overborne their continents :
 The ox hath, therefore, stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat ; and the green corn
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard :
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatted with the murrain flock :
 The nine men's morris⁹ is filled up with mud ;
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread are undistinguishable :
 The human mortals want their winter cheer :¹
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest :
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound :
 And thorough this distemperature, we see
 The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;
 And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
 The childing autumn,² angry winter, change

⁹ The nine men's morris—] A country game well-known in Warwickshire, played by cutting the turf in squares, as a rude kind of chess-board.

¹ Want their winter CHEER:] It is *winter heere* in all the old impressions: the emendation is by Theobald; but the Corr. fol. 1632 makes no change, nor is it absolutely required.

² The CHILTING autumn,] *i. e.*, *productive, teeming, or pregnant.*

Their wonted liveries ; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension :
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then ; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
I do but beg a little changeling boy
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest ;
Thy fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order :
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood ;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind ;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following (her womb then ripe with my young squire)
Would imitate, and sail upon the land
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay ?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us ;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exit* TITANIA, *with her train.*]

Obe. Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither : thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.³
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,

³ In maiden meditation, fancy-free.] This passage has always been supposed to refer to Queen Elizabeth, and to her impervious bosom—very possibly to the rejection of some particular claim to her hand, about the time when the lines were composed.

And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower ; the herb I show'd thee once :
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'd put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

[*Exit.*

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :
The next thing then she waking looks upon
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love ;
And ere I take this charm off from her sight
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here ? I am invisible,
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not ; therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia ?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,⁴
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

⁴ —and WOOD within this wood,] "Wood" is *mad, raving* : See
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, act ii, sc. 3, p. 26.

Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you, in my respect, are all the world.

Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd ;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase :
The dove pursues the griffin ; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies !

Dem. I will not stay thy question : let me go ;
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius !
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex :
We cannot fight for love, as men may do ;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt DEM. and HEL.*

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph : ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,

With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love :
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord ; your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA, *with her train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song ;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence :
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats ; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep ;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

FAIRIES' SONG.

- 1 *Fai.* You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ;
Come not near our fairy queen :

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby :
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

- 2 *Fai.* Weaving spiders, come not here ;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence :
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

- 2 *Fai.* Hence, away ! now all is well.
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt* Fairies. *TITANIA sleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on TITANIA'S eye-lids.*

Do it for thy true love take ;
Love, and languish for his sake :
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thine eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood ;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way :
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander : find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both :
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander ; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet : do not lie so near.

Lys. O ! take the sense, sweet, of my innocence ;
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.³
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it :
Two bosoms interchained with an oath ;
So, then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny,
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off ; in human modesty
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid :
So far be distant ; and good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end !

³ —in love's CONFERENCE.] The Corr. fol. 1632 plausibly has *confidence* for "conference", but the old text may be right.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I ;
And then end life, when I end loyalty !
Here is my bed : sleep give thee all his rest !

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd !
[*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.—
Night and silence ! who is here ?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear :
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid ;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul ! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
[*Squeezing the flower on* LYSANDER'S eyes.
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.

Enter DEMETRIUS, and HELENA running after him.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee hence ; and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O ! wilt thou darkling leave me ? do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril : I alone will go. [Exit DEM.

Hel. O ! I am out of breath in this fond chase !
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright ? Not with salt tears :
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than her's.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
For beasts that meet me run away for fear ;
Therefore no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne ?—
But who is here ?—Lysander on the ground !
Dead, or asleep ?—I see no blood, no wound.—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.

[*Waking suddenly.*]

Transparent Helen ! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius ? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword !

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander ; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia ? Lord ! what though ?
Yet Hermia still loves you : then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia ? No : I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helen now I love.
Who will not change a raven for a dove ?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season ;

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason ;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born ?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn ?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency ?
Good troth, you do me wrong ; good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well : perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd ! [Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep thou there ;
And never mayst thou come Lysander near :
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings ;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive ;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me !
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. [Exit.

Her. [*starting up.*] Help me, Lysander, help me ! do thy
best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.—
Ah me, for pity !—what a dream was here !

Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear.
 Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—
 Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
 What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
 Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear;
 Speak, of all loves!⁴ I swoon almost with fear.—
 No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
 Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Titania lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and
 STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our 'tiring-house';⁵ and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

⁴ Speak of all loves!] *Of all loves* is a frequent adjuration used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries—*by all means*.

⁵ —our 'TIRING-house;] *i. e.*, *Attiring-house*, the place where the actors attired themselves. Every theatre of old had its 'tiring-room, or 'tiring-house, the actors being all males; but now each principal performer necessarily has a separate dressing-room.

Bot. Peter Quince.—

Quin. What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby* that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r'lakin, a parlous fear.⁶

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, "we will do no harm with our swords", and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.⁷

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living, and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

⁶ BY'RLAKIN, a PARLOUS fear.] *i. e.*, By our *ladykin*, or *little lady*. *Parlous* is a word corrupted from *perilous*.

⁷ —it shall be written in EIGHT and SIX.] In verse of fourteen syllables; the popular measure, which was sometimes divided into two lines, the first of eight and the last of six syllables.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck ; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect :—"Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble : my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were a pity of my life : no, I am no such thing : I am a man as other men are ;" and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug, the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things : that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber ; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play ?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar ! look in the almanack ; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open ; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay ; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing ; we must have a wall in the great chamber ; for Pyramus and Thisby (says the story,) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom ?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall ; and let him have some plaster, or some lime, or some roughcast about him, to signify wall : or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts.—Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What! a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours!

Pyr. ———odours savours sweet:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [Exit.

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky Juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all

your part at once, cues and all.⁸—Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is *never tire*.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

This. O!—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

Pyr. If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[Exeunt all the Clowns, except Bottom.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through
brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. *[Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOOT.

Snout. O Bottom! thou art changed: what do I see on thee? *[Exit.*

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own, do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. *[Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery. This is to make an ass of me,

⁸ —CUES and all.] A *cue*, technically, is the last word or words of the preceding speech—from the Fr. *queue*—the tail.

to fright me if they could ; but I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[*Sings.*

The oosel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawney bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed ?

[*Waking.*

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay ;

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird ? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so ?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again :
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape ;
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that : and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can glee upon occasion.⁹

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

⁹ —Nay, I can GLEEK upon occasion.] To "gleek" is to *joke*, *scoff*, or *gird*. Shakespeare also employs it as a substantive elsewhere.

Bot. Not so, neither ; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go :
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate ;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee : therefore, go with me ;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep :
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustard-seed !

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* Where shall we go ?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman :
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise ;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal !

2 *Fai.* Hail!

3 *Fai.* Hail!

4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him: lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye,
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue; bring him silently. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,

Which she must dote on in extremity.
Here comes my messenger.

Enter PUCK.

How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take:
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head.
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls:
He murder! cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch,
Some, sleeves, some, hats, from yielders all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there ;
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do ?

Puck. I took him sleeping (that is finish'd too)
And the Athenian woman by his side,
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close : this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman ; but not this the man.

Dem. O ! why rebuke you him that loves you so ?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now, I but chide ; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia ? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with th' Antipodes.

It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him ;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim,

Dem. So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty ;

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the
bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake:
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion in a mispris'd flood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

Dem. And, if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so;²
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for awhile I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

² And from thy hated presence part I so;] Pope inserted "so",
and it seems right; but it is not found in the old quartos nor in the
folios. Above, the Corr. fol. 1632 has "flood" for *mood*.

If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight :
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules ; that one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find :
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here :
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go ; look how I go ;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple die,
[*Squeezing the flower on the eyes of* DEMETRIUS.

Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see ?

Lord, what fools these mortals be !

Obe. Stand aside : the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one ;
That must needs be sport alone ;³
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn ?
Scorn and derision never come in tears :
Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true ?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O, devilish-holy fray !
These vows are Hermia's : will you give her o'er ?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh :
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*Awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect,
divine !

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne ?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow !
That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,

³ That must needs be SPORT ALONE ;] *i. e.*, Excellent sport, unequalled sport : a proverbial expression.

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss
This impress⁴ of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals, to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so,
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

⁴ This IMPRESS of pure white.] Absurdly misprinted "*princess of pure white*" in the old editions, and as absurdly retained in several modern ones: "impress" is from the Corr. fol. 1632: the end of the line explains the beginning.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy *Hermia* : I will none :
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to *Helen* is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. *Helen*, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.—⁵
Look, where thy love comes : yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander*, found ;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go ?

Her. What love could press *Lysander* from my side ?

Lys. *Lysander's* love, that would not let him bide ;—
Fair *Helena* ; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery O's and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me ? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so ?

Her. You speak not as you think : it cannot be.

Hel. Lo ! she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,

⁵ Lest to thy peril thou *ABY* it dear.] To *aby* appears to be a form of *abide*, and means, not merely to *stay*, but to stay to answer, or suffer for anything. It occurs again in this scene.

To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia ! most ungrateful maid !
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision ?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—oh ! and is all forgot ?
All school-days' friendship, childhood's innocence ?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition ;
Two loving berries⁶ moulded on one stem,
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.⁷
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,

⁶ Two LOVING berries.] So the Corr. fol. 1632, for "*lovely* berries" of the old impressions. The word "loving" was often, as here, misprinted *lovely*: the mistake was very easy.

⁷ Due but to one, and crowned with one CREST.] The meaning seems to be that Hermia and Helen were as two shields, both of the first house, placed side by side, and crowned with a common crest.

Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words!⁸
I scorn you not : it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, 'as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most to love unlov'd,
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you had any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena! hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

⁸ I am amazed at your PASSIONATE words!] "Passionate" is first found in the folio of 1623: the two quartos give the line without it, but the imperfection has not been noted.

Hel. O excellent !

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat :
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak
prayers.⁹—

Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do :

I swear, by that which I will lose for thee,

To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this ?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop !

Dem. No, no, he'll

Seem to break loose ; take on, as he would follow ;

But yet come not.—You are a tame man, go !

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr ! vile thing, let
loose,

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude ? what change is this,
Sweet love ?

Lys. Thy love ? out, tawny Tartar, out !

Out, loathed medicine ! Hated potion, hence !

Her. Do you not jest ?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth ; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond ; for I perceive

⁹ —than her weak PRAYERS.] In all the original editions it stands
“her weak praise”: *prayers*, as Steevens suggested, is most likely
the right word.

A weak bond holds you : I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What ! should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead ?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What ! can you do me greater harm than hate ?
Hate me ! wherefore ? O me ! what means my love ?¹
Am not I Hermia ? Are not you Lysander ?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me, yet since night you left me :
Why, then you left me (O, the gods forbid !)
In earnest, shall I say ?

Lys. Ay, by my life ;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt ;
Be certain, nothing truer : 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me !—you juggler ! you canker-blossom !
You thief of love ! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him ?

Hel. Fine, i' faith !
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness ? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue ?
Fie, fie ! you counterfeit, you puppet, you !

Her. Puppet ! why so ; ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures : she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,

¹ What MEANS my love.] Ridiculously misprinted "what *news*, my love", and so repeated until the discovery of the Corr. fol. 1632. Hermia does not want to learn the *news*, but what Lysander "means" by his sudden change.

Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.²

Her. Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

² —and how FOND I am.] *i. e.*, “How *foolish* I am”: a frequent application of the word when this drama was written, and afterwards. We have already had several instances of it.

Her. What, with Lysander ?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid : she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir ; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O ! when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd.

She was a vixen, when she went to school ;

And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again ? nothing but low and little ?—

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus ?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf ;

You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made ;³

You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone ; speak not of Helena ;

Take not her part, for if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not,

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,

Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow ? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

[*Exeunt* LYS. and DEM.]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you.

Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I,

Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray ;

³ —of hindering KNOT-GRASS made ;] Knot-grass was formerly supposed to have the property of "hindering" growth.

My legs are longer, though, to run away.

[*Exit.*

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[*Exit.*

Obe. This is thy negligence : still, thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on ?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes ;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight :
Hie, therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron ;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong :
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep,
With leaden legs and batty wings, doth creep :
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye ;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone ;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort.
I with the morning's love have oft made sport ;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay ;
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit OBERON.*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down ;
I will lead them up and down :
I am fear'd in field and town ;
Goblin, lead them up and down.⁴

Here comes one.

⁴ Goblin, lead them up and down.] These four lines are possibly a quotation from some lost ballad respecting Puck and his pranks. The fragments printed by the Percy Society in 1841, and referred to on page 56, do not contain them.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain! drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [*Exit* LYS. *as following the voice.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[*Lies down.*]

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*]

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho! ho! ho!⁵ Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither: I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt 'by this
dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.

[Lies down and sleeps.]

Re-enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night! O, long and tedious night!
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest.
And sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company.

[Sleeps.]

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad.
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

⁵ Ho! ho! ho!] This is Puck's usual exclamation in the ballads and tracts relating to him, especially in *Robin Good-fellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Fests*, 1628.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers,
I can no farther crawl, no farther go ;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray !

[Lies down and sleeps.]

Puck. On the ground sleep sound :

I'll apply to your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER'S eyes.]

When thou wak'st, thou tak'st

True delight in the sight

Of thy former lady's eye :

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown :

Jack shall have Jill ;

Nought shall go ill ;

The man shall have his mare again,

And all shall be well.⁶

*[Exit PUCK.—DEM., HEL., &c., sleep.]*⁷

⁶ And all shall be well.] This is the "country proverb" Puck alludes to ; and it is to be found in nearly the same words among John Heywood's *Epigrams*, printed about 1550.

⁷ Dem., Hel., &c., sleep.] The old stage-direction in the folio is, "They sleep all the act", meaning that they are supposed to continue asleep during the interval between the third and fourth acts.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same Wood.*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM ; Fairies *attending* : OBERON
behind, unseen.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,⁸
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom ?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur
Cobweb ?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb ; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle ; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur ; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not : I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed ?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif,⁹ monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will ?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalry Cob-

⁸ —do COY,] *i.e.*, do *stroke* or *caress*.

⁹ —NEIF,] *i.e.*, fist. Ben Jonson has it *neuf* in his *Poetaster*, act iii, sc. I. It is a Warwickshire word.

web to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face, and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let's have the tongs and the bones. [*Rustic music heard.*]

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.¹

Tita. I have a venturous fairy, that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas.
But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have
an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.—
Fairies, be gone, and be a while away. [*Exeunt Fairies.*]
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist: the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

Obe. [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou
this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;

¹ Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.] This is consistent with the notion that Bottom really partakes of the nature of the ass: not so his declaration, "I must to the barber's", &c. He confuses his two conditions.

For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her ;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers ;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which straight she gave me ; and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And, now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes :
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be ;

See, as thou wast wont to see :

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania ! wake you, my sweet queen !

[Touching her eyes.]

Tita. My Oberon ! what visions have I seen !
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

Obe. Silence, awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—

Titania, music call; and strike more dead,

Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st with thine own fool's eyes
peep. [Distant music.

Obe. Sound music! Come, my queen, take hands with
me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,

And will to-morrow midnight solemnly

Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair posterity.

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.²

[*Exeunt.*

[*Horns sound within.*

² With these mortals on the ground.] Here the folio has the stage-direction "Sleepers lie still"; meaning that they were not to be disturbed by the horns of the hunters.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and* train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester ;
For now our observation is perform'd :³
And since we have the vaward of the day,⁴
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley : let them go !—
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar⁵
With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear
Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded ;⁶ and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls ;

³ For now our OBSERVATION is performed :] *i. e.*, Of the honours due to May.

⁴ —the VAWARD of the day ;] *i. e.*, The early part of the day—the *van-ward*.

⁵ Bay'd the BOAR.] It is bay'd the *bear* in the old editions, but it was probably a mere misprint of a letter.

⁶ So FLEW'D, so sanded ;] The *flews* are the large chaps of a hound : “so sanded” may refer to the sandy marks on the dogs ; or possibly it is a misprint for *sounded*, in allusion to their mouths.

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly :
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft! what nymphs are
these ? [Seeing the sleepers.

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep !
And this, Lysander ; this Demetrius is ;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena :
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May ; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But speak, Egeus ; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER,
HERMIA, and HELENA, wake and start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past ;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now ?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [He and the rest kneel.

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies :
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity ?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking : but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here :
But, as I think (for truly would I speak,—

And now I do bethink me, so it is),
I came with Hermia hither : our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might
Without the peril of the Athenian law—

Ege. Enough, enough ! my lord, you have enough.
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away ; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife, and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood ;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.⁷
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon ;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia :⁸
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food ;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,

⁷ Fair Helena in FANCY following me.] In this instance, as in many others in Shakespeare, "fancy" means affection, or *love*. Fisher's 4to. has "following": Roberts's and the folio *follow'd*.

⁸ —ere I SAW Hermia :] The reading of all the old copies is, "ere I *see* Hermia"; and in the next line they have "like *a* sickness", for "like *in* sickness".

Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met :
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—⁹

Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by, with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit :
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens : three and three ;
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train.

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When everything seems double.

Hel. So methinks :
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure
That we are yet awake ? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him ?

Her. Yea ; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then we are awake. Let's follow him ;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

⁹ —we more will hear anon.] So Fisher's 4to. Roberts's has "we will hear more anon"; and the folio "we shall hear more anon".

Bot. [*waking.*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*.—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence and left me asleep? I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called "*Bottom's Dream*", because it hath no bottom, and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it after death.¹ [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in Quince's House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

¹ I shall sing it AFTER death.] Theobald's emendation, instead of "at her death". No doubt Bottom vulgarly pronounced it "*arter* death", and that might be the origin of the corruption.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O, sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what, for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good

strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps : meet presently at the palace ; every man look over his part : for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case let Thisby have clean linen ; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words : away ! go ; away !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Athens. *An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true : I never may believe
These antic fables, nor these fairy toys :
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact :

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
That is the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear !

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy,
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends ! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts !

Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed !

The. Come now ; what masques, what dances shall we
have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time ?
Where is our usual manager of mirth ?—

What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.]

The. [reads.] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung*

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

The thrice three Muses mourning for the death

Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.²

That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,

And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.

Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!

That is, hot ice, and wondrous seething³ snow.

² Of learning, late deceas'd in BEGGARY.] Supposed by many to have been written in reference to the death of Spenser: if so, it must have been an afterthought, because the play was in existence a year or two before the demise of the author of *The Fairy Queen*.

³ Wondrous SEETHING snow.] "Wondrous *strange* snow" in all

How shall we find the concord of this discord ?

Philost. A play it is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play ;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious ; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted :
And tragical, my noble lord, it is,
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water ; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it ?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now ;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord ;
It is not for you : I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world ;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play :
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in ;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*

previous editions ; but “seething” is boiling, and “seething snow” is a continuation of the notion of hot ice. Seething was a Shakespearian word, and is from the Corr. fol. 1632. Those who would substitute *swarthy* do not preserve the opposition between hot and cold.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake :
And what poor willing duty⁴ cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome ;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is addrest.⁵

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]⁶

⁴ And what poor WILLING duty—] *Willing* was Theobald's addition: it is a good word, but in general we are opposed to thus patching our great poet's measure, often meant to be irregular.

⁵ ADDREST.] *i. e., ready, prepared.*

⁶ Flourish of trumpets.] This is the stage-direction of the folio, 1623: it was usual on our old stage for the actor, who spoke the Prologue, to enter upon the stage when the trumpet had sounded thrice.

Enter QUINCE as PROLOGUE.

Prol. If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite :

We do not come as minding to content you,

Our true intent is. All for your delight,

We are not here. That you should here repent you,

The actors are at hand ; and, by their show,

You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt ; he
knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord : it is not
enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed, he hath played on this prologue like a
child on a recorder ;⁷ a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain,
Nothing impair'd, but all disordered.
Who is next ?

*Enter PRESENTER,⁸ PYRAMUS, and THISBE ; Wall, Moonshine, and
Lion, as in dumb show.*

Pres. Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show ;

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;

This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

⁷ —like a child on a RECORDER ;] The “recorder” was, we believe, what we now call the flageolet.

⁸ Enter PRESENTER.] This is a novelty from the Corr. fol. 1632 : on our old stage such a personage was not unusual, and here it removes all the difficulty arising out of the speaker of the absurd Prologue and of the sensible Argument being the same person. We may feel sure that such was Shakespeare's arrangement.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder ;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine ; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which lion by name hight,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright :
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain :
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast ;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt* PRES., THISBE, PYRAM., Lion, and Moonshine.]

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord :

One lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude, it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall ;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This lime, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall : the truth is so ;
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall : silence !

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. O, grim-look'd night ! O night, with hue so black !

O night, which ever art when day is not !

O night ! O night ! alack, alack, alack !

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.—

And thou, O wall ! O sweet, O lovely wall !

That stand'st between her father's ground and mine ;

Thou wall, O wall ! O sweet, and lovely wall !

Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne.

[*Wall holds up his parted fingers.*

Thanks, courteous wall : Jove shield thee well for this !

But what see I ? No Thisby do I see.

O wicked wall ! through whom I see no bliss ;

Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me !

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not.—*Deceiving me*, is Thisby's cue : she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you.—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. O wall ! full often hast thou heard my moans,

For parting my fair Pyramus and me :

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones ;

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice : now will I to the chink,

To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

Thisby !

This. My love ! thou art my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace ;

And like Limander am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O ! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway ?

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

[*Exeunt* PYRAMUS and THISBE.]

Wall. Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so ;

And, being done, thus wall away doth go. [Exit.]

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.⁹

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows ; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am

⁹ Now is the MURAL DOWN between the two neighbours.] For "mural" (which is Theobald's word), the folios misread *moral*; while the quartos seem still farther from the meaning, when they have it, "Now is the moon used", &c.

No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam :
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True ; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord ; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour, for the goose carries not the fox. It is well : leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present ;—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is not crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon present ;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lantern : how is it else the man i' the moon ?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle ; for, you see, it is already in snuff.¹

Hip. I am aweary of this moon : would he would change !

The. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane ; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

¹ —it is already in SNUFF.] To take any thing “in snuff”, meant to take it *in anger*.

Moon. All that I have to say is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon ; I, the man in the moon ; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush ; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern ; for all these are in the moon. But, silence ! here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love ?

Lion. Oh—. [*The Lion roars.—THISBE runs off.*]

Dem. Well roared, lion !

The. Well run, Thisbe !

Hip. Well shone, moon !—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace. [*The Lion tears THISBE'S mantle, and exit.*]

The. Well moused, lion !

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams ;
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright,
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay ;—O spite !

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here !

Eyes, do you see ?

How can it be ?

O dainty duck ! O dear !

Thy mantle good,

What ! stain'd with blood ?

Approach, ye furies fell !

O fates ! come, come ;

Cut thread and thrum ;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell !

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame,
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my d  ar ?
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.

Come, tears, confound ;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus :

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop :

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus ! [*Stabs himself.*]

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled ;

My soul is in the sky :

Tongue, lose thy light !

Moon, take thy flight !

Now die, die, die, die, die.

[*Dies.—Exit Moonshine.*]

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him ; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than ace, man, for he is dead : he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover ?

The. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes ; and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus : I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better ; he for a man, God warrant us ; she for a woman, God bless us.²

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*.—

This. Asleep, my love ?
What, dead, my dove ?
O Pyramus ! arise :
Speak, speak ! Quite dumb
Dead, dead ? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
This lily lip,
This cherry tip,³
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone :
Lovers, make moan !
His eyes were green as leeks.
O ! sisters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk ;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.

² God bless us.] This passage, from "he for a man", is in the quartos. It was omitted in the folio, 1623, possibly on account of the statute, 1 Jac. I, ch. 21, which had not been passed when the original editions were printed.

³ This cherry TIP.] So the Corr. fol. 1632, instead "this cherry nose" of the old impressions : rhyme was certainly intended, and here we have it in ludicrous consistency. Theobald substituted *brows* for "lips" with great sacrifice of burlesque humour. The old compositor was here very careless, and in the last speech of Demetrius printed *means* for "moans".

Tongue, not a word :—
Come, trusty sword ;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue :
And farewell, friends,—
Thus Thisby ends :
Adieu, adieu, adieu ! [*Stabs herself and dies.*]

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you ; the wall is down that parted their fathers.—Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company ?

The. No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse, for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy ; and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask : let your epilogue alone.

[*A comic dance.*⁴]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.—

Lovers to bed : 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ *A comic dance.*] "A dance by two of the clowns," say modern editors ; but the old editions say nothing about it. Theseus and his train go out after the next eight lines.

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK, *with a broom on his shoulder.*

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon ;⁵
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
While the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide :
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic : not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with all their Train.*

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,

⁵ Here again the old printer blundered, and printed "*beholds* the moon" instead of "*behowls* the moon". No editor thought of giving Puck a broom, until they learned from the Corr. 1632 that that was his ancient property on the stage when the play was represented.

By the dead and drowsy fire ;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier ;
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note :
Hand in hand with fairy grace
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[*The Song.*⁶

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be ;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be ;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand :
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be,
With this field-dew consecrate.⁷

⁶ The SONG.] In the folio, but not in either of the 4to. editions, Oberon's speech is printed in italic, as if it were "the song"; but it seems in fact to be wanting: in old plays songs, though mentioned, were often omitted.

⁷ With this field-dew CONSECRATE.] It was, of course, the children who were to be "consecrate" from moles, hare-lips, &c.: the fairies

Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace ;
Ever shall it safely rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away ; make no stay ;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, and Train.]

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear ;
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend :
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long,
Else the Puck a liar call :
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

[*Exit.*]

could want no consecration. Three lines below the folio 1623 reads "Ever shall in safety rest"—another misprint, possibly from the haste of the old compositor.

THE
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

EDITED BY
J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

Duke of Venice.

Prince of Morocco, } *Suitors to Portia.*
Prince of Arragon, }

ANTONIO, *the Merchant of Venice.*

BASSANIO, *his Friend.*

GRATIANO,
SOLANIO, } *Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
SALARINO,

LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*

SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*

TUBAL, *a Jew, his Friend.*

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a Clown.*

OLD GOBBO, *Father to Launcelot Gobbo.*

LEONARDO, *Servant to Bassanio.*

BALTHAZAR, } *Servants to Portia.*
STEPHANO,

PORTIA, *a rich Heiress of Belmont.*

NERISSA, *her Waiting-woman.*

JESSICA, *Daughter to Shylock.*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailors,
Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE : Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont.

¹ In the old editions there is no enumeration of the persons : it was first given by Rowe in 1709. *The Merchant of Venice* was twice printed in 4to. in the year 1600 (for different stationers) before it appeared in the fol. 1623.

THE
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

. ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.

Ant. IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
It wearies me : you say it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Solan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still

Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads ;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run, .
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing ? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad ?
But, tell not me : I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year :
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

Solan. Why, then, you are in love.

Ant.

Fie, fie !

Solan. Not in love neither? Then let's say you are
sad

Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Solan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well:
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say,
when?

You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt SALARINO and SOLANIO.*]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio ;
You have too much respect upon the world :
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool :
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks ;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark !"
O ! my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing ; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, 't would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time :
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,

For this fool-gudgeon,² this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well, awhile :
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell : I'll grow a talker for this gear.³

Gra. Thanks, i' faith ; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*

Ant. It is that:—any thing now.

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more
than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains
of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff : you shall seek all
day ere you find them ; and when you have them, they are
not worth the search.

Ant. Well ; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of ?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance :
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd

² For this FOOL-GUDGEON,] An expressive compound, which
has been altered to *fool's-gudgeon*, deserting all authorities.

³ —for this GEAR.] This expression frequently occurs without any
very definite meaning : it signifies, generally, for this purpose, or,
matter—for this occasion.

From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love ;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth ; and, by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost ; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance ;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have :

Then, do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest⁴ unto it : therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues : sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors ; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio ! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea ;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum : therefore, go forth ;
Try what my credit can in Venice do :
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*

⁴ —PREST —] *i.e.*, *ready* : of very frequent use with writers of Shakespeare's time, as well as earlier and later. From the French.

SCENE II.—Belmont. *An Apartment in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: it is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband.—O me! the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery,

that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors, that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would

despise me, I would forgive him ; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England ?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian ; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture ; but, alas ! who can converse with a dumb show ? How oddly he is suited ! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour ?⁵

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him ; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able : I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew ?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk : when he is best, he is a little worse than a man ; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

⁵ What think you of the SCOTTISH lord, his neighbour ?] Portia's reply could not be palatable to King James, and to the Scotch who came to England on his accession : therefore, in the folio, 1623, *other* is substituted for "Scottish" of the 4tos. of 1600.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes; it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Venice. *A public Place.*

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho! no, no, no, no:—my meaning, in saying he is

a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies: I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad: but ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats, and water-rats, land-thieves, and water-thieves;⁵ I mean, pirates: and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient: three thousand ducats.—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,

⁵ —LAND-THIEVES, and WATER-THIEVES.] So the Corr. fol. 1632: all the old editions reverse the order of the thieves.

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him !

Bass. Shylock, do you hear ?

Shy. I am debating of my present store ;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that ?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft ! how many months
Do you desire ?—Rest you fair, good signior ;

[*To* ANTONIO.]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possess'd
How much you would ?

[*To* BASSANIO.]

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot :—three months ; you told me so.
Well then, your bond ; and let me see—But hear you :
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)

The third possessor ; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him ? did he take interest ?

Shy. No, not take interest ; not, as you would say,
Directly interest : mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams ;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest ;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for ;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good,
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?

Shy. I cannot tell : I make it breed as fast.—
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio ; [*Aside.*
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Shy. Three thousand ducats ;—'tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you ?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
On the Rialto, you have rated me
About my moneys, and my usances :
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me—"misbeliever, cut-throat dog,"
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help :
Go to then ; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys" : you say so ;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold : moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money ? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this :—
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
You call'd me dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?"

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends ; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend ?

But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys,
And you 'll not hear me. This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith : I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me :
I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it :
Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O, father Abraham ! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others !—Pray you, tell me this :
If he should break his day, what should I gain

By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's,—
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you. [Exit.]

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. *An Apartment in Portia's House.*

*Enter the Prince of Morocco,⁶ and his followers; PORTIA,
NERISSA, and other of her Train. Flourish cornets.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,

⁶ —the Prince of MOROCCO,] The stage-direction in the old

The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his will, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,

copies is, "Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore, all in white, and three
or foure followers accordingly", &c. This is curious, as it shows the
manner in which Moors were usually dressed on the stage in Shakes-
peare's time. Othello was probably so attired.

Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
 To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
 If Hercules and Lichas play at dice,
 Which is the better man? the greater throw
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
 So is Alcides beaten by his page;⁷
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
 Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
 And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
 And either not attempt to choose at all,
 Or swear, before you choose, if you choose wrong,
 Never to speak to lady afterward
 In way of marriage: therefore, be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not: come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
 Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then, [*Cornets.*
 To make me blest, or curs'd'st among men! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run
 from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and
 tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good

⁷ —beaten by his PAGE;] This is Theobald's emendation: the old
 copies have "beaten by his *rage*".

Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says,—"No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;" or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; "Via," says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "fore the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—“My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,”—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste:—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend: "budge not," says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well:^s to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, with a basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

^s —fiend, say I, you counsel WELL:] Roberts's 4to. reads, "You counsel *ill*". Lower down it has *incarnal* for "incarnation".

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens! this is my true begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind,⁹ high-gravel blind, knows me not :—I will try confusions with him.¹

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left: marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties,² 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—[*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—[*To him.*] Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man; and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot. Talk not of master

⁹ —more than SAND-BLIND,] An expression of the time, signifying much the same as what we now call *pur-blind*.

¹ I will try CONFUSIONS with him.] So the 4to. by Heyes and the folio: the other 4to. has *conclusions*, the printer of it not understanding Launcelot's joke.

² By God's SONTIES,] "Sonties" is a corruption of *sanctities*.

Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. [*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—[*To him.*] Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood.

Lord! worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got: thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my phill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I last saw him. [*Rising.*]

Gob. Lord! how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man:—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and Followers.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered: put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy. Wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir,—as my father shall specify.

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify.

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence), are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you.

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your lordship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both.—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well: thou hast obtain'd thy suit.

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well.—Go, father, with thy son.—
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out.—Give him a livery

[*To his followers.*

More guarded³ than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in.—I cannot get a service,—no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*Looking on his palm;*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table,⁴ which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.—Go to; here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: alas! fifteen wives is nothing: eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man; and then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed:—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.⁵ [*Exeunt LAUNCELOT and Old GOBBO.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee; go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.

[*Exit LEONARDO.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio!

Bass. Gratiano.

³ More GUARDED—] *i. e.*, More ornamented by lace. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, act i, sc. I, p. 12.

⁴ a fairer TABLE,] Astrologers called the open palm of the hand the *table*, and Launcelot looks upon his *palm* while he disserts upon his fortune.

⁵ —in the twinkling OF AN EYE.] The 4to. by Heyes and the folio omit *of an eye*, which words are found in the 4to. by Roberts.

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then, you must; but hear me, Gratiano. Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—Parts, that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; But where thou art not known, why, there they show Something too liberal.—Pray thee, take pain To allay with some cold drops of modesty Thy skipping spirit, lest, through thy wild behaviour, I be misconstrued in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me: If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then, Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely; Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen; Use all the observance of civility, Like one well studied in a sad ostent To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gage me By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity: I would entreat you rather to put on Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends That purpose merriment. But fare you well; I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest ;
But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in Shylock's House.*

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so :
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well ; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :
Give him this letter ; do it secretly,
And so farewell : I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu !—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew ! If a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived : but, adieu ! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit.
Adieu ! [Exit.]

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child !
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo !
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Solan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock : we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall
seem to signify. *[Giving a letter.*

Lor. I know the hand : in faith, 'tis a fair hand ;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup
to-night with my new master, the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this.—Tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her : speak it privately ;

Go.—Gentlemen, *[Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Solan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so. [*Exeunt SALAR. and SOLAN.*]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house ;

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with ;

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake ;

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me : peruse this, as thou goest.

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Same. Before Shylock's House.*

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.—

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,

As thou hast done with me ;—what, Jessica!—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.—

Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could
do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:

There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house:—I am right loth to go.

There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together:—I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on black Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques?—Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,⁶
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;

⁶ And the vile SQUEALING of the wry-neck'd fife,] Roberts's 4to. has "squeaking", but that of Heyes and the folio *squealing*.

But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah :
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—Mistress, look out at window for all this ;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye.⁷ [Exit LAUN.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring ? ha !

Jes. His words were, "farewell, mistress"; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough ; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat : drones hive not with me :
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in :
Perhaps I will return immediately.

Do as I bid you ; shut doors after you :

Fast bind, fast find,

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

[Exit.

Jes. Farewell ; and if my fortune be not crost,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.—*Behind Shylock's House.*

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,

⁷ —a JEWESS' eye.] *Jewes* eye, in the folios and 4tos. : the measure requires two syllables, and perhaps *Jewes* was then so pronounced.

For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O ! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

Gra. That ever holds : who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first ? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a young⁸er, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind !
How like a prodigal doth she return ;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo :—more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode ;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait :
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach ;
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho ! who's within ?

Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you ? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

⁸ —like a YOUNKER,] It was spelled *younger* in Shakespeare's day,
and so it stands in all the old copies.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain ; and my love, indeed,
For whom love I so much ? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket : it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange ;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What ! must I hold a candle to my shames ?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once ;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[Exit, from above.]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily ;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?

'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.

No masque to-night: the wind is come about;

Bassanio presently will go aboard:

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Belmont. *An Apartment in Portia's House.*

*Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of MOROCCO, and both
their Trains. Cornets sound.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.—
Now, make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, which this inscription bears;—
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
The second, silver, which this promise carries;—
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.—
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince :
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment ! Let me see,
I will survey th' inscriptions back again ;
What says this leaden casket ?

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give—For what ? for lead ? hazard for lead ?
This casket threatens : men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages :

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue ?

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves ?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady ;
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve ?—Why, that's the lady :
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;
But more than these in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here ?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold :

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
Why, that's the lady ; all the world desires her :
From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia :
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her ? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought : it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold ?
O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon ;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key ;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may !

Por. There, take it, prince ; and if my form lie
there,

Then I am yours. *[He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell ! what have we here ?

A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold ;
Often have you heard that told :
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold :

Gilded tombs do worms infold.⁷
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,
 Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
 Fare you well ; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed, and labour lost :
 Then, farewell, heat ; and, welcome, frost !—
 Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
 To take a tedious leave : thus losers part. [Exit.

Por. A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains : go.
 Let all of his complexion choose me so. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALARINO and SOLANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail :
 With him is Gratiano gone along ;
 And in their ship, I'm sure, Lorenzo is not.

Solan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,
 Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail :
 But there the duke was given to understand,
 That in a gondola were seen together
 Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
 Besides, Antonio certified the duke
 They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

⁷ Gilded TOMBS do worms infold.] The reading, in all the old copies, is *timber* for "tombs", which injures the verse, and violates the grammar. Johnson's suggestion of "tombs" is no doubt correct, if for no other reason than that such is the very emendation of the Corr. fol. 1632.

Solan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :
"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats! stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels, too! two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Solan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught.
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Solan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part :
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return : he answer'd—"Do not so ;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time :
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry : and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand ; and so they parted.

Solan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar.

Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—Belmont. *An Apartment in Portia's House.*

Enter NERISSA, with a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick ! I pray thee, draw the curtain
straight :

The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter the Prince of ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their Trains.
Flourish cornets.

Por. Behold ! there stand the caskets, noble prince.
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd ;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things :

First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was I chose : next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage : lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath :
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

What many men desire:—that many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather, on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitude.

Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves ;

And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable,
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.

O! that estates, degrees, and offices,

Were not deriv'd corruptly ! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !
How many then should cover that stand bare ;
How many be commanded that command :
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour ; and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd ! Well, but to my choice :
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
I will assume desert :—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here. [Opening it.]

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here ? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule ? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia !
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings !
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head ?
Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better ?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here ?

The fire seven times tried this :
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss ;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er ; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head :
So begone, for you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here :
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wrath.

[*Exeunt* ARRAGON, and Train.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools ! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy :—
Hanging and wiving go by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my lady ?

Por. Here ; what would my lord ?

Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian,—one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets ;
To wit (besides commends and courteous breath),
Gifts of rich value : yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.

A day in April never came so sweet
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee : I am half afraid
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—

Come, come, Nerissa ; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SOLANIO and SALARINO.

Solan. Now, what news on the Rialto ?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas, the Goodwins, I think they call the place ; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip, report, be an honest woman of her word.

Solan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger,⁸ or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company !—

⁸ —KNAPPED ginger,] *i. e.*, Snapped or broke ginger. Compare *Measure for Measure*, act iv, sc. 3, p. 79.

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Solan. Ha!—what say'st thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Solan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Solan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then, it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Solan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart.—Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—

let him look to his bond : he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ;—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh : what's that good for ?

Shy. To bait fish withal : if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million ; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason ? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? if you tickle us, do we not laugh ? if you poison us, do we not die ? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility ? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example ? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute ; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Solan. Here comes another of the tribe : a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt SOLAN., SALAR., and Servant.*]

Enter TUBAL.

Shy. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort. The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so;—and I know not what's spent in the search: why then—loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal.—Good news, good news! ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?⁹

⁹ WHERE? in Genoa?] All the old editions have "*here*, in Genoa?" which is evidently wrong.

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it. I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. *An Apartment in Portia's House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and*
their Attendants. The caskets set out.

Por. I pray you tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore, forbear a while.

There's something tells me (but it is not love),
I would not lose you, and you know yourself;
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you; here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me,¹ and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,²
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass.

Let me choose;

For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

¹ ——— Beshrew your eyes,

They have O'ER-LOOK'D me,] "O'er-look'd me" is here used in the sense of *enchanted* or *bewitched me*. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act v, sc. 5, p. 99.

² —but 'tis to PEIZE the time,] To *peize* is to *poise*, *weigh*, or *balance*, and figuratively, *to keep in suspense*, or *to delay*.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O, happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance !
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then. I am lock'd in one of them :
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice ;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music : that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win,
And what is music then ? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch : such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice ;

The rest, aloof, are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—with much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

A Song, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice³ so simple, but assumes

³ There is no VICE.] To show how merely mechanically old compositors worked, we may just note that in the two 4tos, and in the first folio, "vice" absurdly stands *voice*.

Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk ;
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight ;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it :
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian : beauty, in a word,³
The seeming truth, which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence !

³ Veiling an INDIAN : beauty, in a word,] This is the punctuation of the Corr. fol. 1632, and it affords an admirable emendation, which, however, has been disputed, though it affords the clearest meaning, and that meaning the very sense of the poet. It requires no argument in its support.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,—
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
 And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!
 O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
 In measure rein thy joy;⁴ scant this excess:
 I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
 For fear I surfeit!

Bass.

What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
 Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
 Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
 Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs,
 The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
 A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men,
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes!—
 How could he see to do them? having made one,
 Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
 And leave itself unfinish'd.⁵ yet look, how far
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow

⁴ In measure REIN thy joy;] The 4to. by Roberts reads, "*range* thy joy", but the meaning clearly is *restrain* thy joy, though "rein" is misprinted *raine* in the folio 1623.

⁵ And leave itself UNFINISH'D:] So the Corr. fol. 1632, which has several other minor yet excellent changes in this and in Portia's speech which follows, warranting this emendation. Steevens proposed "unfinish'd" for *unfurnish'd*, and here we see it warranted by the old Corrector: still *unfurnish'd* might have been the poet's word, in reference to the incompleteness of the portrait, without the second eye, and it is found in all the early editions.

In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true !
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave ;
I come by note, to give, and to receive. [Kissing her.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am : though, for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better ; yet for you
I would be trebled, twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That, only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account : but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing ; which, to term in gross,

Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd :
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; happier then in this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
Happiest of all in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted : but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words :
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins ;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration, fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude ;
Where every something, being blent together,⁶
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence :
O ! then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,

⁶ —being BLENDED together,] *i. e.*, *Blended*. Shakespeare uses this arbitrary participle again in *Twelfth Night*, act i, sc. 5. Possibly, "wild", in the next line, ought to be *void*.

That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord, and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me :
And, when your honours mean to solemnise
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
You lov'd, I lov'd ; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls ;
For wooing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand
ducats.

Ner. What! and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake
down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What! and my old Venetian friend, Solanio?⁷

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SOLANIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Solanio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord :
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here.
But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Solan. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth?

Solan. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;
Nor well, unless in mind : his letter there
Will show you his estate. [*BASSANIO reads the letter.*]

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger ; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Solanio : what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success ;

⁷ SOLANIO.] *Salerio* in the old copies : a mere misprint, but much
disputed, and we formerly considered *Salerio* right.

We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Solan. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost !

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,

That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek :
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse ?—
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass.

O sweet Portia !

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins—I was a gentleman :
And then I told you true ; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing ; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady ;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Solanio ?
Have all his ventures fail'd ? What, not one hit ?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,

And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sale.

Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied'st spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por.

What! no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond :
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend ;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over :
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away !
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer ;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads.*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit ; and since in paying it it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure : if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love ! despatch all business, and begone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste ; but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, *and* Jailor.

Shy. Jailor, look to him : tell not me of mercy.—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis.—
Jailor, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond : speak not against my bond :
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty jailor, that thou art so fond⁷
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak :—

Shy. I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak :
I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;
I'll have no speaking : I will have my bond. [*Exit* SHY.]

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone :
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life ; his reason well I know :
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures

⁷ —so FOND,] *i. e.*, So foolish, the commonest sense of the word, in the time of Shakespeare. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii, sc. 2, p. 51.

Many that have at times made moan to me ;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law ;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state ;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go :
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, jailor, on!—Pray God ! Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and
BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity ; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now : for in companions

That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an egal⁸ yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit ;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty !
This comes too near the praising of myself,
Therefore, no more of it : hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return : for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband's and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart :
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.

⁸ —an EGAL yoke of love,] *i. e.*, an *equal* yoke. Shakespeare seems to use both forms, "egal" and *equal*, indifferently.

So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you !

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica.—

[*Exeunt* JESSICA and LORENZO.]

Now, Balthazar,

As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavours of a man,
In speed to Padua :⁸ see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario ;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Traject,⁹ to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone : I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*]

Por. Come on, Nerissa : I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of. We'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us ?

Por. They shall, Nerissa : but in such a habit
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,

⁸ In speed to PADUA:] Theobald was the first to correct the error of all the editions before his time, which read, *Mantua*, instead of "Padua".

⁹ Unto the TRAJECT.] The old word here is "Tranect", as if from *tranare*; but Rowe substituted *Traject* from *Trajetto*, a ferry : there is no such word as Tranect ; but according to Florio (Dict. 1611), *tranare* means to swim over.

When we are both accoutred¹ like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal:²—then, I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter.
But come: I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [Exeunt.

¹ —ACCOUTRED —] The 4to. by Roberts reads *apparell'd*. Our text corresponds with the 4to. by Heyes, and the folio.

² I could not do withal:] An idiom of the time for *I could not help it*. It was very common.

SCENE V.—*The Same. A Garden.**Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.*

Laun. Yes, truly ; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children ; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter : therefore, be of good cheer ; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not ; that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed : so the sins of my mother shall be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by father and mother : thus, when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you are gone, both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband ; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he : we were Christians enow before ; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs : if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say : here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Good Lord! what a wit-snapper are you! then, bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion? Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner,

sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.]

Lor. O, dear discretion, how his words are suited !
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words ; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter.—How cheer'st thou, Jessica ?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion ;
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife ?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth ;
And, if on earth he do not merit it,³
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other ; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion, too, of that.

Lor. I will anon ; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk ;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things

³ —he do not MERIT IT,] Pope's emendation for "he do not mean it" of all the old editions. The Corr. fol. 1632 proposes no change, though absolutely necessary, and Theobald adopted "merit" without acknowledgment.

I shall digest it.

Jes.

Well, I'll set you forth.⁴

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

Enter the DUKE; the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach,⁵ I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit

⁴ I'll set you FORTH.] Jessica's meaning is not clear: perhaps she refers merely to setting forth to dinner; or that she will be Lorenzo's foil, in conversation or "table-talk", during dinner. Possibly, she is to be understood as only leading the way in their *exit*.

⁵ —his ENVY'S reach.] *Envy*, of old, was often used in the sense of *hatred*—the cause for the effect, "envy" producing hatred.

The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Solan. He's ready at the door. He comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty ;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,⁶
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have

⁶ —loose the FORFEITURE,] *i. e.*, relinquish, or release forfeiture.

A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that;
But say it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine; for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a bollen bag-pipe,⁷ but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himself, being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

⁷ —a BOLLEN bag-pipe,] So the Corr. fol. 1632, putting an end to the many idle conjectures as to the proper epithet: "bollen" is the old word for *swollen*, and the change has been almost universally approved and adopted. "Bollen" is used by Shakespeare in his *Lucrece*, 1594, but it was not a common word.

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten⁸ with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart.—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain expediency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them: I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
Let them be free; marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds

⁸ When they are FRETTE—] This is the participle in the two 4tos, of 1600, but the folio 1623 altered it to *fretted*.

Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours.—So do I answer you :
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law !
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters : call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio ! What man, courage yet !
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death : the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.

[*Presenting a letter.* *Shylock sharpens his knife.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.—
Where is he ?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart :—some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] Your grace shall understand that at the receipt of
your letter I am very sick ; but in the instant that your messenger
came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome ; his

name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes :
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.—

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger,⁹ do you not?

[*To ANTONIO.*

You stand WITHIN HIS DANGER,] “Within his danger” was in Shakespeare's time, and long before, equivalent to *indebted to him*—in danger of being pursued by him for debt.

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond ?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway :
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head. I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bass. Yes ; here I tender it for him in the court,

Yea, thrice the sum : if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth : and, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority ;
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established :
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !—
O, wise young judge, how I do honour thee !

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor ; here it is.

Por. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath ! I have an oath in heaven.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful ;
Take thrice thy money : bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour,—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law ; your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is :—
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O, noble judge! O, excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O, wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond :—doth it not, noble judge?—
"Nearest his heart:" those are the very words.

Por. It is so.—Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready. [*Producing them.*]

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you,
For herein fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom : it is still her use
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife :
Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;
Say, how I lov'd you ; speak me fair in death ;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a lover.¹
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself ;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love :
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands ! I have a daughter ;
Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian !

¹ —once a LOVER.] "Once a love" in the early impressions, the last letter having accidentally dropped out.

We trifle time ; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine :
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge !

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast :
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence ! come, prepare !

Por. Tarry a little : there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh :
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge !—Mark, Jew !—O learned judge !

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act ;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge !—Mark, Jew :—a learned judge !

Shy. I take this offer, then : pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft !
The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft !—no haste :—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more,

Or less, than a just pound,—be it so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel ! a Daniel, Jew !
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee : here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court :
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal ?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it !
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew :

The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods : the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st ;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant, and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself ;
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's :
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state ; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all ; pardon not that :
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

Gra. A halter gratis : nothing else, for God's sake !

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter :
Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian ;

The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence :
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers :
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon :
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.—
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Magnificoes, and Train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfied ;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid :
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again :
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you farther :
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you ;
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake ;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.—
Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir ?—alas ! it is a trifle ;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this ;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the
value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation ;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers :
You taught me first to beg ; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife ;
And when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.

[*Exeunt* PORTIA and NERISSA.]

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring :
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano ; run and overtake him,
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house.—Away ! make haste.

[*Exit* GRATIANO.]

Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it. We'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be.

His ring I do accept² most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him : furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [To PORTIA.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old
swearing,³

That they did give the rings away to men ;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away ! make haste : thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir ; will you show me to this house ?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Belmont. *The Avenue to Portia's House.*

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright.—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise ; in such a night,

² HIS RING I do accept—] “*This* ring”, &c., Roberts's 4to.

³ —OLD swearing,] Of this augmentative in colloquial language, there are many instances in authors of the time. We still use it.

Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew ;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come ;
But, hark ! I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress
Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hallooing, man; here!

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my master,
with his horn full of good news: my master will be here
ere morning. *[Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul,⁴ let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter;—why should we go in?—
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,

⁴ Sweet soul,] In all the old copies these two words are wrongly
given to Launcelot.

Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;
And bring your music forth into the air.—

[*Exit* STEPHANO.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica : look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold.⁵
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins :
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho ! and wake Diana with a hymn :
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [Music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;—
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,

⁵ Is thick inlaid with PATTERNS of bright gold ;] This is the text of the second folio : the first folio has *pattens*, as well as the 4to. by Heyes. The other 4to. has *pattents*. "Patterns" seems the right reading, and it is so used in Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, 1611.

Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music : therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils :
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by ; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect :
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended ; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,

When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!—
Peace! now the moon sleeps with Endymion,⁶
And would not be awak'd! *[Music ceases.]*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa:
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you. *[A tucket is sounded.]*⁷

Lor. Your husband is at hand: I hear his trumpet.
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

⁶ Peace! NOW the moon sleeps with Endymion,] The old editions have *now* for "now", an easy misprint: the music was to cease, because the moon was then sleeping with Endymion.

⁷ A TUCKET is sounded.] From the Italian *toccata*, which Florio, in his *World of Words*, 1611, construes a *prelude* in music.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their*
Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light ;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me :
But God sort all !—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend :
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :
It must appear in other ways than words ;
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [*To NERISSA.*] By yonder moon, I swear, you do
me wrong ;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already ! what's the matter ?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give to me ; whose posy was,
For all the world, like cutlers' poetry⁸
Upon a knife, " Love me, and leave me not."

⁸ —like CUTLERS' poetry] *i. e.*, The poetry cutlers of that time inscribed upon knives : it is not unfrequently ridiculed by writers of the time of Shakespeare.

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,⁹
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face, that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so lightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

⁹ —no, God's my judge,] This is the oldest reading, as it stands in the two quartos. The folio, perhaps in consequence of the statute of James I, against swearing, &c., substituted "but well I know."

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it, too ; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine ;
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord ?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it ; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it : it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,¹
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it

¹ —to CONTAIN the ring,] *i. e.*, *retain* the ring. The use of prepositions, in composition with verbs, was then somewhat irregular.

With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe:

I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it; but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him:
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:
I'll not deny him any thing I have;
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore, be well advis'd
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so : let not me take him, then ;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you ; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ;
And in the hearing of these many friends
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that !
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself ;
In each eye, one :—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried : I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven ! it is the same I gave the doctor.

Por. I had it of him : pardon me, Bassanio,
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways

In summer, when the ways are fair enough.
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd :
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario :
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor ;
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo, here,
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd : I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome ;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter. [Giving it.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not ?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold ?

Ner. Ay ; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow :
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living,
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo ?
My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,

After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in ;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so : the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day ?
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.²
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt.*

² TILL I were couching with the DOCTOR'S clerk.] So the 4to. by Heyes, and the folio. Roberts's 4to. has, "*That* I were couching with the clerk."

AS YOU LIKE IT.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

DUKE, Senior, *living in exile.*

FREDERICK, *his Brother, usurper of his dominions.*

AMIENS, }
JAQUES, } *Lords attending on the exiled Duke.*

LE BEAU, *a Courtier attending on the Usurper.*

CHARLES, *Wrestler to the Usurper.*

OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } *Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, }
DENNIS, } *Servants to Oliver.*

TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*

SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a Vicar.*

CORIN, }
SYLVIVS, } *Shepherds.*

WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*

HYMEN.

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the exiled Duke.*

CELIA, *Daughter to the Usurper.*

PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Lords ; Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's House ; afterwards, in the
Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden.

¹ The list of the persons, omitted in the old editions, was added by Rowe in 1709. The play was never printed, as far as yet has been ascertained, until it appeared in the folio of 1623.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard, near Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. AS I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion, bequeathed me by will but a poor thousand crowns;² and, as thou sayest, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed

² —a POOR thousand crowns;] The old printer transposed “a poor”, and let it stand “poor a”; a defect preserved in some later impressions.

with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [ADAM *stands aside.*]

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.³

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O! sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but

³ —and be naught awhile.] A north-country proverbial expression, equivalent to "a mischief on you."

the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you ; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. *[Taking him by the collar.]*

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois ; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so : thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. *[Coming forward.]* Sweet masters, be patient : for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please : you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education : you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities : the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it ; therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament ; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do ? beg, when that is spent ? Well, sir, get you in : I will not long be troubled with you ; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good. *[Releasing him.]*

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither.—Hola, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*—] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke: therefore, he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the old duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O! no; for the new duke's daughter,⁴ her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intentment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which, thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself

⁴ The NEW duke's daughter.] The words "old" and "new", in this and the preceding speech, are from the Corr. fol. 1632. We may be confident that the poet thus wrote for the purpose of distinctness.

notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore, use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee (and almost with tears I speak it), there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomise him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so, God keep your worship. *[Exit.]*

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he: yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.**Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier?⁵ Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.*Cel.* Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.*Cel.* You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?*Cel.* Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport

⁵ —and would you yet *I* were merrier? The old copies omit "I", which is necessary for the sense.

neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit, and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No: when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wit.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour ; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool ?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught : now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge ?

Ros. Ay, marry : now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now : stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were ; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn : no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any ; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st ?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love⁶ is enough to honour him enough. Speak no more of him : you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true ; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise

⁶ My father's love.] In the old copies this speech is by mistake given to Rosalind. Theobald was the first to detect the error, which has not been repeated.

men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU, behind.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better ; we shall be the more marketable.
Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau : what's the news ?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Spot ? Of what colour ?⁷

Le Beau. What colour, madam ! How shall I answer you ?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said : that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies : I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning ; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do : and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons—

⁷ SPOT? Of what colour?] Celia mispronounces in ridicule of Le Beau's affected style of speaking. The joke, such as it is, was lost, till it was made obvious by the Corr. fol. 1632. There are several minor errors in this scene, as *see* for "feel", *your* for "you", &c.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence ;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,⁸—“Be it known unto all men by these presents,”—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler ; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him : so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas !

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost ?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day ! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to feel this broken music in his sides ? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking ?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin ?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here ; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

⁸ With BILLS on their necks,] Here Rosalind means to ridicule Le Beau's formal description of the “three proper young men”, as if it were a sort of proclamation. The sons of the old man are described in similar terms in T. Lodge's novel of *Rosalynde*, from which the plot of *As You Like It* is taken: *Rosalynde* was first published in 1590, but it was reprinted in *Shakespeare's Library* in 1843.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming : let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on : since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man ?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas ! he is too young : yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin ! are you crept hither to see the wrestling.

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated : speak to him, ladies ; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so : I'll not be by. [DUKE goes apart.]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler ?

Orl. No, fair princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength : if you saw yourself with our eyes, or knew yourself with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel

you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir : your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial : wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious ; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you.

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come ; where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ?

Orl. Ready, sir ; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after : you should not have mocked me before ; but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow
by the leg. [CHARLES *and* ORLANDO *wrestle.*

Ros. O, excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who
should down. [CHARLES *is thrown.* *Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well
breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [CHARLES *is borne out.*
What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland
de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man
else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth.
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt* Duke FRED., Train, *and* LE BEAU.]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind.
Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel.

Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him, and encourage him :
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd :
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros.

Gentleman,

[Giving him a chain from her neck.]

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That would give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz ?

Cel.

Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you ? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintaine,⁹ a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes ;
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir ?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel.

Will you go, coz ?

Ros. Have with you.—Fare you well.

[Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my
tongue ?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

⁹ Is but a QUINTAINE.] A quintaine was originally a wooden object, generally in the figure of a man, used in martial exercises, as a mark against which weapons were directed. It afterwards became a sport, and was such in the time of Shakespeare.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O, poor Orlando! thou art overthrown :
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous : what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir ; and, pray you, tell me this :
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling ?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners ;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter :
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake ;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well :
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well.

[Exit LE BEAU.]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.—
But heavenly Rosalind !

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin ; why, Rosalind.—Cupid have mercy !
—Not a word ?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
upon curs ; throw some of them at me : come, lame me
with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one
should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without
any.

Cel. But is all this for your father ?

Ros. No, some of it for my father's child.¹ O, how full
of briars is this working-day world !

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in
holiday foolery : if we walk not in the trodden paths, our
very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat : these burs are in
my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could "cry hem, and have him".

Cel. Come, come ; wrestle with thy affections.

¹ —for my father's child.] In the original it is "for my child's
father", but the old printer put the wrong word in the genitive case,
"for my *child's* father"; and thus puzzled some commentators.

Ros. O! they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do.—

Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.

Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,

If that I do not dream, or be not frantic
(As I do trust I am not), then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors :
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter ; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom ;
So was I when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord ;
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me ? my father was no traitor :
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia : we stay'd her for your sake ;
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay :
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her ;
But now I know her : if she be a traitor,
Why so am I ; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, played, eat together ;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee ; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,

Speak to the people, and they pity her.
 Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;
 And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
 When she is gone. Then, open not thy lips :
 Firm and irrevocable is my doom
 Which I have pass'd upon her. She is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege :
 I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself :
 If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
 And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke FREDERICK and Lords.*]

Cel. O, my poor Rosalind ! whither wilt thou go ?
 Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.
 I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin.
 Pr'ythee, be cheerful : know'st thou not, the duke
 Hath banish'd me, his daughter ?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No ? hath not ? Rosalind lacks, then, the love
 Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
 Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ?
 No : let my father seek another heir.
 Therefore, devise with me how we may fly ;
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us :
 And do not seek to take the charge upon you,²
 To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out ;
 For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

² —to take the CHARGE upon you,] "Charge" for *change* is the emendation of the fol. 1632.

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle

In the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.³

Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

³ No longer Celia, but Aliena.] Ganymede and Aliena are the names they assume in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1590.

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together ;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, attired
like Foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court ?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,⁴
The seasons' difference ; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind ;
Which, when it bites, and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery : these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

⁴ Here feel we BUT the penalty of Adam,] It is "*not* the penalty of Adam" in every old impression: as we have before seen, it was then one of the most ordinary blunders of compositors to print *not* for "but", and "but" for *not*.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Ami. I would not change it. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads⁴
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood ;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish : and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose

⁴ —with FORKED heads] *i. e.*, The “forked” or barbed “heads” of arrows. One editor strangely argues that *antlers* are intended !

In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques ?
Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

1 Lord. O ! yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream ;
“ Poor deer,” quoth he, “ thou mak’st a testament,
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.” Then, being there alone,
Left and abandon’d of his velvet friends ;
“ ’Tis right,” quoth he ; “ thus misery doth part
The flux of company.” Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him : “ Ay,” quoth Jaques,
“ Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
’Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?”
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life ; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what ’s worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign’d and native dwelling place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation ?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place.
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he ’s full of matter.

2 Lord. I ’ll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown,⁵ at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'er heard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother: fetch that gallant
hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

⁵ —the ROYNISH clown,] *Roynish*, from *rogneux*, Fr. scurvy. The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare.

SCENE III.—*Before Oliver's House.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.**Orl.* Who's there?*Adam.* What! my young master?—O, my gentle master!

O, my sweet master! O, you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony prizer⁶ of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?⁷

Adam. O, unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors: within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives,
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son—I will not call him son—

⁶ The BONY prizer] In all the folios, "bony" is spelt *bonny*.

⁷ Why, what's the matter?] These words are made part of Adam's speech in the folio of 1623; but are properly assigned to Orlando in the folio of 1632. An error of a similar kind occurs in Orlando's next speech.

Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place;—this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food,
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can:
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father;
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you :
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O, good old man ! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed.
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And, having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having : it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways : we'll go along together ;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years,^s till now almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
But at fourscore it is too late a week :
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

^s From SEVENTEEN years,] The old copies read, *seventy*. The correction was made by Rowe, and is warranted by what follows in the next line but one. The blunder could only be that of the careless old compositor.

SCENE IV.—*The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND for Ganymede, CELIA for Aliena, and Clown, alias Touchstone.*⁹

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!¹

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me: I can go no farther.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home I was in a better place, but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you; who comes here? a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

[They stand aside.]

⁹ —and Clown, alias Touchstone.] The whole of this is precisely the old stage-direction; and as it is perfectly intelligible, it is to be preferred. Rosalind, “for Ganymede”, could, of course, only have been in boy's clothes.

¹ O Jupiter, how WEARY are my spirits!] In the old copies it stands, “how *merry* are my spirits!” an easy misprint: and that it was so seems shown by the answer of Touchstone, “I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.”

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. This is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her !

Cor. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin ; being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
As sure I think did never man love so,
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy ?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O ! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd :
Or if thou hast not sat, as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer² in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd :
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe ! *[Exit SILVIUS.]*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love, I
broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for

² WEARYING thy hearer:] The first folio reads *wearing*, but the second folio, *wearying*, which must be right.

coming a-night to Jane Smile : and I remember the kissing of her batler,³ and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapped hands had milked : and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her ; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers ; but, as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Love, Love ! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine ; but
It grows something stale with me,
And begins to fail with me.⁴

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond' man,
If he for gold will give us any food :
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown !

Ros. Peace, fool ! he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls ?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say !—
Good even to you, friend.

³ —kissing of her BATLER,] The folio of 1632 reads *batlet*, a bat used for washing linen.

⁴ And begins to fail with me.] No doubt two scraps of an old ballad ; and the Corr. fol. 1632 supplies words omitted in the fol. 1623. It also amends the exclamation "Jove, Jove !" to "Love, Love !" most naturally and consistently.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir ; and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her ;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze :
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale ; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture ?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages.—I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.
Go with me : if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and Others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note⁸
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see no enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more ! I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More ! I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More ! I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged ; I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me ; I do desire you to sing. Come, more ; another stanza. Call you 'em stanzas ?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names ; they owe me nothing. Will you sing ?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you : but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes ; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks

⁸ And TUNE his merry note] It is "and *turn* his merry note", probably a mere misprint in the old copies.

I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while: the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.

Faq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see, &c.

Faq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Faq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *duc dame*?

Faq. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle.

I'll go sleep if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke : his banquet is prepared.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Same.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no farther : O ! I die for food. Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable ; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will be here with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die ; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said !⁶ thou look'st cheerily ; and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air : come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁶ Well SAID !] In authors of the time, "Well said" was very constantly used for "Well done". The practice seems to have begun at least half a century before Shakespeare wrote.

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Forest.*

A Table set out. Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

I Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence :
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.—
Go, seek him : tell him I would speak with him.

I Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Enter JAQUES.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company !
What ! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool !—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool ;—a miserable world !—
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
“Good-morrow, fool,” quoth I : “No, sir,” quoth he,
“Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.”
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, “It is ten o'clock :
Thus may we see,” quoth he, “how the world wags :

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven ;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot ;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative ;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O, noble fool !
A worthy fool ! motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this ?

Jaq. O, worthy fool !—One that hath been a courtier ;
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.—O, that I were a fool !
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit ;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have :
And they that are most galled with my folly
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so ?
The why is plain as way to parish church :
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
 But to seem senseless of the bob;⁷ if not,
 The wise man's folly is anatomis'd,
 Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
 Invest me in my motley: give me leave
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Faq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
 And all th' embossed sores, and headed evils,
 That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Faq. Why, who cries out on pride,
 That can therein tax any private party?
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
 Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?⁸
 What woman in the city do I name,
 When that I say, the city-woman bears
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in, and say that I mean her,

⁷ BUT TO seem senseless of the bob:] The old copies read, "Seem senseless of the bob;" which appears wrong, not merely as regards the meaning, but the measure: both are completed by the insertion of "But to", found in the Corr. fol. 1632.

⁸ Till that the WEARER'S very means do ebb? The old copies give this line literatim as follows:—

"Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe?"

When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more!

Faq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shall not, till necessity be served.

Faq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred,⁹
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Faq. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.

⁹ —yet am I INLAND bred,] The word occurs again in act iii, sc. 2, "who was in his youth an inland man." "Inland" was generally used in our old writers in opposition to *upland*, which meant rustic and unpolished.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you :

I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That, in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,—
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd ;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love : till he be first suffic'd,—

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye ; and be bless'd for your good comfort !
[*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy :
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants, than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;¹
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts

¹ —and MODERN instances ;] *i.e.*, common, ordinary instances. The use of the word in this sense is frequent.

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, carrying ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need ;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome ; fall to : I will not trouble you
As yet to question you about your fortunes.—
Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG, *by* Amiens.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh, ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho ! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither : I am the duke,
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords and Attendants.

Duke F. Not seen him since ? Sir, sir, that cannot be :
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument

Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it :
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;
 Seek him with candle : bring him, dead or living,
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
 To seek a living in our territory.
 Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
 Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
 Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this !
 I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of
 doors ;

And let my officers of such a nature
 Make an extent upon his house and lands.

Do this expediently,² and turn him going. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ORLANDO, hanging a paper on a tree.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love :
 And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
 Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
 O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
 That every eye, which in this forest looks,
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

² —EXPEDIENTLY,] *i. e.*, expeditiously. *Expedient*, in Shakespeare, usually signifies *expeditious*.

Run, run, Orlando : carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive³ she.

[*Exit.*

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone ?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself it is a good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well ; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well ; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

Cor. No more but that I know, the more one sickens the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends ; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn ; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun ; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.—Wast ever in court, shepherd ?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope—

³ —UNEXPRESSIVE—] *i.e.*, inexpressible, ineffable. Milton, as Malone observes, uses the same word, in precisely the same sense, in his *Hymn on the Nativity*.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state,⁴ shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner: shallow again. A more sounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

⁴ in a PARLOUS state,] *i.e.*, *perilous* state. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii, sc. 1, p. 33.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me. I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind:
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.⁵

⁵ But the FAIR of Rosalind.] "Fair" for *fairness*. Rowe preferred *face* to "fair", but the change from the old copies is surely needless: "fair" is opposed to "black", just above.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinners, and suppers; and sleeping hours excepted : it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool !

Touch. For a taste :—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses : why do you infect yourself with them ?

Ros. Peace ! you dull fool : I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar ; then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country ; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said ; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace !

Here comes my sister, reading : stand aside.

Cel. Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows,
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O, most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now? back, friends.—Shepherd, go off a little:
—go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat ; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt* CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses ?

Ros. O ! yes, I heard them all, and more too ; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter : the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse ; and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees ?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came ; for look here what I found on a palm-tree : I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this ?

Ros. Is it a man ?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck.⁶ Change you colour ?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who ?

Cel. O lord, lord ! it is a hard matter for friends to meet ; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it ?

Cel. Is it possible ?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful

⁶ —a CHAIN, that you once wore, about his neck ?] Alluding to the chain which Rosalind had given to Orlando, in act i, sc. 2.

wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery;⁷ I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it, quickly; and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What

⁷ One INCH of delay more is a South-sea of discovery;] The meaning is, that a single "inch" of delay is more to Rosalind than a whole continent in the South-sea.

makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he : slink by, and note him.

[*ROSALIND and CELIA retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I ; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. Good bye, you : let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name.

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of ?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings ?

Orl. Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth,⁸ from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit : I think 'twas made of

⁸ Not so ; but I answer you RIGHT PAINTED CLOTH,] The answers of Orlando are so "pretty", that Jacques asks him if he had not learnt them from the posies of rings ? Orlando's reply has reference to the sentences often inscribed upon tapestry, or upon "painted cloth": "I answer you right painted cloth"; *i. e.*, exactly in the style of the inscriptions of the kind.

Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook : look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit* JAQUES.—ROSALIND and CELIA come forward.]

Ros. [*Aside to CELIA.*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. [*To him.*] Do you hear, forester ?

Orl. Very well : what would you ?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock ?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o' day : there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then, there is no true lover in the forest ; else, sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time ? had not that been as proper ?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces

with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnised: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stands he still withal?⁸

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

⁸ Who stands HE still withal?] So the Corr. fol. 1632: the old compositor misread the word "he", and printed *it*: "stands he" is the reading in the preceding interrogation.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many : but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man ; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it ; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences, as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women ?

Ros. There were none principal : they were all like one another, as half-pence are ; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No ; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name⁹ of Rosalind : if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you : he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

⁹ DEIFYING the name] The oldest folio reads *defying* : the improvement was made in the second folio.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not:—but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue.—Then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-devise¹ in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house, and a whip, as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

¹ —POINT-DEVISE—] *i. e.*, exact, drest with nicety: an expression of very common occurrence. See *Love's Labours Lost*, act v, sc. 1, p. 69, where it first occurs in Shakespeare.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a loving humour of madness;² which was to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook, merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

² —a LOVING humour of madness;] The old copies have it, "living humour of madness". The antithesis is however complete, if, with Johnson, we read *loving*, which is only the change of a letter: and this reading is supported by the MS. correction of the early possessor of the first folio, in the library of Lord Ellesmere.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister,
will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY ; JAQUES behind,
observing them.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey : I will fetch up your
goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet?
doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your feature? Lord warrant us! what feature?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most
capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than
Jove in a thatched house!³

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor
a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, under-
standing, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckon-
ing in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made
thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in
deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most
feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they
swear in poetry, it may be said, as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me
poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me, thou art

³ Jove in a thatched house!] We have before had an allusion to
the story of *Baucis and Philemon*: See *Much Ado about Nothing*,
act ii, sc. 1, p. 21.

honest : now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest ?

Touch. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured ; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Faq. [*Aside.*] A material fool !

Aud. Well, I am not fair ; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest !

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness : slut-tishness may come hereafter. But, be it as it may be, I will marry thee ; and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text,⁴ the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Faq. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy !

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt ; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though ? Courage ! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—many a man knows no end of his goods : right ; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife : 'tis none of his own

⁴ SIR Oliver Mar-text,] We need hardly repeat that the title of "Sir" was of old commonly given to the clergy, especially by the lower orders. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i, sc. 1, p. 3.

getting. Horns! Are horns given to poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.⁵ Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes Sir Oliver.—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Faq. [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Mr. What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God'ild you⁶ for your last company. I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir.—Nay; pray, be covered.

Faq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Faq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church,

⁵ — the RASCAL.] Lean, poor deer were called *rascals*. The words "are" and "given", just above, are from the Corr. fol. 1632.

⁶ — GOD'ILD you—] *i. e.*, God *yield* you, God reward you.

and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is : this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot ; then, one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another ; for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey :

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good master Oliver ! Not

O sweet Oliver !

O brave Oliver !

Leave me not behind thee :

But wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding bind thee.⁷

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter : never a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

⁷ I will not to wedding BIND thee.] A scrap of an old ballad, but obviously misquoted, "I will not to wedding *with* thee," instead of "I will not to wedding bind thee," as we meet with it in the *Corr.* fol. 1632 : the rhyme detects the error. We might read "Leave me not, *I prithee*", and "I will not to wedding with thee"; but this is merely conjectural.

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Before a Cottage.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

Ros. Never talk to me : I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee ; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep ?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire : therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's.⁸ Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour : your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana : a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not ?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so ?

Cel. Yes : I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer ; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love ?

Cel. Yes, when he is in ; but, I think he is not in.

⁸ Something BROWNER than Judas's.] Judas, in old paintings, and in old poetry, is usually represented with red hair.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was? I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose.⁹ But all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides.—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well; and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,

⁹ —breaks his staff like a noble goose.] The humour of this simile depends upon its allusion to tilting, in which it was a disgrace for any knight to break his lance across, and not directly against his adversary.

Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O! come, let us remove :
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—
Bring us to see this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not, Phebe :
Say that you love me not ; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon : will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner :
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye :
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers !
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee ;
Now counterfeit to swoon ; why, now fall down ;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame !

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee :
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and palpable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps ; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O ! dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me ; and when that time comes
Afflict me with thy mocks ; pity me not,
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you ? Who might
be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched ? What though you have no beauty,
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless ?
Why, what means this ? Why do you look on me ?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work :—Od's my little life !
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it :
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,

Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain ?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman : 'tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her ;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself : down on your knees,
And thank heaven fasting for a good man's love ;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can ; you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy ; love him ; take his offer :
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, shepherd.—Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together :
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness,¹ and she'll
fall in love with my anger.—If it be so, as fast as she
answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter
words.—Why look you so upon me ?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine :
Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.—

¹ —with HER foulness,] This seems spoken by Rosalind to herself: it is "*your* foulness" in the folios. The last part of the speech is, of course, addressed to Silvius.

Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.—
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might,
“Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?”²

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too;
But do not look for further recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,

² Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?] The “dead shepherd” (meaning *poet*) was Christopher Marlowe, whose paraphrase of the *Hero and Leander* of Musæus had been printed in 1598: the line quoted is in the first sestiad. Marlowe was killed in 1593.

And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere
while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
'Tis but a peevish boy ;—yet he talks well :—
But what care I for words ? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth :—not very pretty :
But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man : the best thing in him
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :
There was a pretty redness in his lip ;
A little riper, and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek : 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silviu's, had they mark'd him
In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him ; but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not, and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him ;
For what had he to do to chide at me ?

He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black ;
 And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :
 I marvel why I answer'd not again :
 But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it ; wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight ;
 The matter's in my head, and in my heart :
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short.³
 Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaq. I prythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

³ I will be bitter with him, AND passing short.] "And" is here too much for the line, but we cannot presume, as some have done, to cut out the poet's words merely because we may fancy that it improves his measure : yet in the previous page modern editors have ventured to omit "very" in the line "he is not very tall", etc., only because it did not suit their ears. We are not for *improving* Shakespeare by idle attempts to mend his versification, *often purposely irregular*, but for doing our best to correct the old printer's blunders.

Jaq. I am so : I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is politic ; nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's, which is all these ; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels ; which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller ! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's ; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad : I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad. And to travel for it too !

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind.

Jaq. Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller : look you lisp, and wear strange suits ; disable all the benefits of your own country ; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I

will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head, a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.⁴

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holi-

⁴ —of a better LEER than you.] *Complexion* or *colour*. It occurs again in *Titus Andronicus*, act iv, sc. 2, in a similar sense. It is as old as the time of *Piers Ploughman* and Chaucer.

day humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should thank my honesty rather than my wit.⁵

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, 'faith; die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have

⁵ —I should THANK my honesty RATHER than my wit.] This emendation, which can hardly be disputed, is from the Corr. fol. 1632: the absurd reading of the fol. 1623 is "I should *think* my honesty *ranker* than my wit." As might be expected, the same corrupt text is adopted by the three later folios.

lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night ; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish coroners of that age⁶ found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies : men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I ; Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me ?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou ?

Ros. Are you not good ?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing ?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister ?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—“Will you, Orlando,”—

Cel. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind ?

⁶ —CORONERS of that age] *Chroniclers* in the folios, but the words added, “*found* it was Hero of Sestos”, may convince us that it ought to be *coroners*, as Hawkins and Monck Mason contended, independently of the Corr. fol. 1632.

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—“I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.”

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl, goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts: they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando: men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to weep.⁷

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O! but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the

⁷ —inclined to WEEP.] Warburton proposed “weep” for *sleep*, and, we think, rightly, though no such change is made in the Corr. fol. 1632.

wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—“Wit, whither wilt?”⁸

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's accusing,⁹ let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love! I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways.—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God

⁸ “Wit, whither wilt?”] A proverbial exclamation, found in many authors of the time. In act i, sc. 2, of this play, Rosalind, addressing Touchstone, asks, “How now, wit! whither wander you?” which is only a variation of the same expression.

⁹ —her husband's ACCUSING,] *Occasion* is, we think, well amended to “accusing” in the Corr. fol. 1632.

mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind : so, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. [*Exit ORLANDO.*]

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O ! coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love ! But it cannot be sounded : my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.¹

Cel. Or rather, bottomless ; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No ; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness ; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love.—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando : I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ —like the bay of Portugal.] Such was the notion in the time of Shakespeare, and it is supported by old geographical authorities.

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.**Enter JAQUES and Lords, like Foresters.**Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer?*1 Lord.* Sir, it was I.*Jaq.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?*2 Lord.* Yes, sir.*Jaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.

[Then sing him home: the rest shall bear this burden.]

Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it.

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Forest.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.**Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?
And here much Orlando!*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain,
He hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—
To sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth.—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: [*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but as I guess,
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer: bear this, bear all. [*Reading.*
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as Phoenix. Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well;
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest; I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter,
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Woman's gentle brain

Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you ; for I never heard it yet,
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.

“Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. “Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?—

“Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—

Meaning me, a beast.—

“If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack ! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love ;
How then might your prayers move ?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me :
And by him seal up thy mind ;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make ;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.”

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd !

Ros. Do you pity him? no; he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her (for I see love hath made thee a tame snake), and say this to her:—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for here comes more company.

[*Exit SILVIUS.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years:—"The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister; but the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am. What must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the cud² of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself :
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush : under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother,

Cel. O ! I have heard him speak of that same brother ;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

² Chewing the CUD] Chewing the *food* (*i. e.*, *cood*, as "cud" was then pronounced) in the folios.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando.—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so ;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him : in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was it you he rescued ?

Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?

Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place :—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love :
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself ; and here, upon his arm,
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,
And cried in fainting upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound ;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise ; and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede ? sweet Ganymede !

[ROSALIND swoons.]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it.—Cousin !—Ganymede !

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel.

We'll lead you thither.—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm ?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth.—You a man ? You lack
a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah ! a body would
think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your
brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho !—

Oli. This was not counterfeit : there is too great testi-
mony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be
a man.

Ros. So I do ; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman
by right.

Cel. Come ; you look paler and paler : pray you, draw
homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something. But, I pray you, com-
mend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go ? [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.**Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey: patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey; there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: nay, pr'ythee be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God:—a good answer. Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. So so is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand.—Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me. To have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest: or, to thy better understanding, diest: or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison

with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel : I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will o'errun thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways : therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you : come, away, away !

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Near a Cottage in the Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her ? that, but seeing, you should love her ; and, loving, woo ; and, wooing, she should grant ? and will you persevere to enjoy her ?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting ; but say with me, I love Aliena ; say with her, that she loves me ; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other : it shall be to your good ; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent.

Let your wedding be to-morrow : thither will I
Invite the duke, and all's contented followers.

Enter ROSALIND.

Go you, and prepare Aliena ; for, look you,
Here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O ! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee
wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the
claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to
swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief ?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O ! I know where you are.—Nay, 'tis true : there
was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams,
and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw," and
"overcame"; for your brother and my sister no sooner
met, but they looked ; no sooner looked, but they loved ;
no sooner loved, but they sighed ; no sooner sighed, but
they asked one another the reason ; no sooner knew the
reason, but they sought the remedy : and in these degrees
have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they
will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before mar-
riage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will
together : clubs cannot part them.³

³ — CLUBS cannot PART them.] It appears from many of our old
dramas, that it was a common custom, on the breaking out of a
street-fray, to call out *Clubs—Clubs!* and then the apprentices rushed
in to part the combatants.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then (for now I speak to some purpose), that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meaning?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-mor-

row, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will. Look ; here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have : it is my study
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd :
Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service ;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;
All adoration, duty, and obedience ;⁴
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience ;
All purity, all trial, all observance ;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

⁴ —duty and OBEDIENCE ;] So the Corr. fol. 1632 : hitherto "observance" has been made to do duty in this line as well as in the next but one. There is no doubt that it was an error.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[*To ROSALIND.*

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[*To PHEBE.*

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, "why blame you me to love you?"

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you [*To SILVIUS*] if I can:—I would love you, [*To PHEBE*] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To PHEBE*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [*To ORLANDO*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow.—I will content you, [*To SILVIUS*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*To ORLANDO*] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*To SILVIUS*] love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well. I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe.

Nor I.

Orl.

Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey: to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.⁵ Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentlemen.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit; sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,⁶
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

⁵ —a woman of the WORLD.] See note to *Much Ado about Nothing*, act ii, sc. 1, p. 28.

⁶ —the only pretty RING time,] Misprinted *rang* time in all the folios: according to a MS. in the *Advocate's Library*, Edinburgh, what is the second stanza here ought to come last.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower,
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime,
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untimely.⁷

Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time; we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices. Come, Audrey. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Near a Cottage in the Forest.*

Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO,
OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear to hope, and know they fear.⁸

⁷ — yet the note was very UNTIMEABLE.] Untimeable is *untuneable* in the folios, but, as M. Mason suspected, it was a misprint.

⁸ As those that fear to hope, and know they fear.] This line has produced a diversity of contesting opinions; but the meaning of it seems to be, that Orlando is in the state of mind of those who fear even to hope, and know that they fear it.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd.—
[*To the DUKE.*] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with
her.

Ros. [*To ORLANDO.*] And you say, you will have her,
when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. [*To PHEBE.*] You say, you'll marry me, if I be
willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. [*To SILVIUS.*] You say, that you'll have Phebe, if
she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke! to give your daughter;—
Keep yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even; even so.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,

Methought he was a brother to your daughter :
But, my good lord, this boy is forest born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Faq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Faq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest : he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure ; I have flattered a lady ; I have been politic with my friend ; smooth with mine enemy ; I have undone three tailors ; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Faq. And how was that ta'en up ?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Faq. How seventh cause ?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir ;⁶ I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage

⁶ GOD 'ILD you, sir ;] *i. e.*, God *yield* you, or reward you.

binds, and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir; and such dulcet diseases.

Faq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed.—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey.—As thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the "retort courteous". If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the "quip modest". If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the "reply churlish". If again, it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is called the "reproof valiant". If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lied: this is called the "countercheck quarrelsome": and so to the "lie circumstantial", and the "lie direct."

Faq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no farther than the "lie circumstantial", nor he durst not give me the "lie direct"; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Faq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book,⁷ as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the counter-check quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie, with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *if*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*.

Faq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes; and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.⁸
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her;
Yea, brought her hither,

⁷ The particular book here alluded to is a treatise by one Vincentio Saviolo, entitled, *Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels*, 4to., printed by John Wolf in 1594.

⁸ ATONE together.] *i. e.*, *Agree* together, or are reconciled. The use of this word, and in this sense, is very frequent by the contemporaries of Shakespeare.

That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. [*To DUKE Senior.*] To you I give myself, for I
am yours.

[*To ORLANDO.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in shape,⁹ you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

Why then, my love adieu!¹

Ros. [*To DUKE Senior.*] I'll have no father, if you be
not he:—

[*To ORLANDO.*] I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[*To PHEBE.*] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth hold true contents.

[*To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.*] You and you no
cross shall part:

[*To OLIVER and CELIA.*] You and you are heart
in heart:

To PHEBE. You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

[*To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*] You and you
are sure together,

⁹ If there be truth in SHAPE,] "Shape" is misprinted *sight* in all the folios.

¹ Why then my love adieu!] In the folios there is here some little confusion, which Hymen comes to "bar"; but it is easy to set it right, as modern editors have usually done.

As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown :
O, blessed bond of board and bed !
'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;
High wedlock, then, be honoured :
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town !

Duke S. O, my dear niece ! welcome thou art to me :
Even daughter,—welcome, in no less degree.

Phe. [*To SILVIUS.*] I will not eat my word, now thou
art mine ;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

*Enter Second Brother.*²

2 Bro. Let me have audience for a word or two.
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take

² *Enter SECOND BROTHER.*] So called in the old copies to avoid confusion with the "melancholy Jaques". The name of this "second brother" must have been also Jaques, with the addition *de Bois*, and he is mentioned in the first scene as then "at school".

His brother here, and put him to the sword :
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world ;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man ;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding :
To one, his lands withheld ; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot ;
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their 'states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.—
Play, music ! and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Faq. Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

2 Bro. He hath.

Faq. To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You [*To DUKE S.*] to your former honour I bequeath ;
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserve it :—

You [*To ORLANDO*] to a love, that your true faith doth merit :—

You [*To OLIVER*] to your land, and love, and great allies :—

You [*To SILVIUS*] to a long and well deserved bed :—

And you [*To TOUCHSTONE*] to wrangling ; for thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd.—So, to your pleasures :
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I :—what you would have,
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed : we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.³

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue ; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue ; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play ? I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me : my way is,

³ As we do trust they'll end in true delights.] The invariable modern stage-direction here is "a dance", which followed the duke's speech : the ancient stage-direction, however, is merely *exit* ; but there seems no sufficient reason why the duke should go out before the conclusion of the Epilogue. There is no authority whatever for "a dance" ; but it may have been traditional.

to conjure you : and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women ! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you : and I charge you, O men ! for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering none of you hates them—that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman,⁴ I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not ; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtesy, bid me farewell. *[Exeunt.]*

⁴ If I were a WOMAN,] The female characters in plays, it is hardly necessary to observe, were at this time, and until after the Restoration, performed by boys, or smock-faced young men.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a *Tinker*. Hostess, Page,

Players, Huntsmen, and Servants,

BAPTISTA, *a rich Gentleman of Padua.*

VINCENTIO, *an old Gentleman of Pisa.*

LUCENTIO, *Son to Vincentio.*

PETRUCHIO, *a Gentleman of Verona.*

GREMIO, } *Suitors to Bianca.*
HORTENSIO, }

HORTENSIO, } *Suitors to Bianca.*
TRANIO, }
BIONDELLO, } *Servants to Lucentio.*

GRUMIO, } *Servants to Petruchio.*
CURTIS, and others, }

The Pedant.

KATHARINA, } *Daughters to Baptista.*
 BIANCA. }

Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua ; and sometimes in Petruchio's House
in the Country.

¹ A list of the characters was first given by Rowe. The play is supposed by many to have been first printed in the folio 1623, but there is a 4to. edition, the body of which was, in all probability, printed about 1610: the title-page, however, bears date in 1631, when the publisher, Smithwick, perhaps re-issued it, and wished to give it an appearance of novelty.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter HOSTESS *and* SLY.

Sly. I 'LL pheese you, in faith.²

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide.³ *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?⁴

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy:
Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.⁵

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough.
[*Exit.*

² I 'LL PHEESE you, in faith.] Ben Jonson uses the word *pheese* in his *Alchemist*, and spells it, *feize*; Gifford, who was a West of England man, says that in that part of the country it means, "to beat, chastise, or humble," etc., *Jonson's Works*, iv, 188.

³ Therefore *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide.] *Pocas palabras* is Spanish for "few words", a foreign phrase in common use in the time of Shakespeare from the reign of Queen Mary.

⁴ —you have BURST?] To *burst* and to *break* were anciently used synonymously.

⁵ Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.] In this passage there is a double allusion to *The Spanish Tragedy*, by Thomas Kyd, 1599.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy : let him come, and kindly.

[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds :

Brach Merriman,⁶ the poor cur, is emboss'd,—
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault ?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord ;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent :
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool : if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all :
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here ? one dead, or drunk ? See, doth he breathe ?

2 Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

⁶ BRACH Merriman,] "Brach" generally meant a *hound of scent*. A dog, or a deer, were said to be "embossed" when fatigue made them foam at the mouth.

Lord. O, monstrous beast ! how like a swine he lies.
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image !—
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself ?

1 Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he
wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest :
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures ;
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet :
Procure me music, ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound ;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—“What is it your honour will command ?”
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers ;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—“Will 't please your lordship cool your hands ?”
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear ;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease.
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic ;

And, when he says he is—, say that he dreams,⁷
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
 This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs :
 It will be pastime passing excellent,
 If it be husbanded with modesty.

I *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we will play our part,
 As he shall think, by our true diligence,
 He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
 And each one to his office when he wakes.—

[*SLY is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds :
 [Exit *Servant*.

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
 Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now ? who is it ?

Serv. An it please your honour,
 Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

⁷ And, when he says he is—, say that he dreams,] The lord leaves something here to be understood. Sir Thomas Hanmer would insert *poor*, and Jonson *Sly*, although the lord could not know the name of the beggar ; but no change is necessary. It will be observed that the line is syllabically complete without any addition ; and we might possibly read, "When he says *what* he is, say that he dreams".

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:—

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 Play. I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.⁸

Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.

Well, you are come to me in happy time,

The rather for I have some sport in hand,

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night;

But I am doubtful of your modesties,

Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,

(For yet his honour never heard a play)

You break into some merry passion,

And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,

If you should smile he grows impatient.

1 Play. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,

And give them friendly welcome every one:

Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt* Servant and Players.]

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew, my page,

[*To a* Servant.]

⁸ I think 'twas SOTO that your honour means.] This line is given to *Sincklo* in the first folio; and as there was an actor of that name in Shakespeare's company, he was most likely the person who had the character of the first player in this Induction.

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber ;
And call him madam, do him obeisance :
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished :
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy ;
And say,—“What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty, and make known her love ?”
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which, in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst :
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [Exit Servant.
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman :
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them : haply, my presence

May well abate their over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*

SLY is discovered, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and appurtenances. Enter LORD, dressed like a Servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 Serv. Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour! O, that a mighty man, of such descent, Of such possessions, and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath: by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for

sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught.⁹ Here's—

1 *Serv.* O! this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O! this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O, noble lord! bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [Music.]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground;

Or wilt thou ride, thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *S.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags; ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
straight

⁹ What! I am not BESTRAUGHT.] "Bestraught" was used by Lord Surrey, Warner, and by writers of Shakespeare's time, as synonymous with *distraught*, or distracted. For "sheer ale" the Corr. fol. 1632 reads "*Warwickshire ale*".

Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds ;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :
Thou hast a lady, far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Serv. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world ;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?
Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd till now ?
I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak :
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things.—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 Serv. Will't please your mightiness to wash your
hands ?

[*Servants present an ewer, basin, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd !
O, that once more you knew but what you are !

These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Serv. O! yes, my lord, but very idle words;—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet,¹
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such
maid,

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,²
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

¹ —LEET,] *i. e.*, At the *Court-leet*.

² —old John Naps of GREECE,] Blackstone suggested, with probability, that we ought to read, *o' the Green*, instead "of Greece."

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord: I am your good-man.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well.—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept about³ some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or if not so, until the sun be set,
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long;
but I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will
therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,

³ And slept ABOUT] *Above* in the folio, but the emendation in the
Corr. fol. 1632 is most likely right.

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy :
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will: let them play it. Is not a commonty
a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see 't.

Come, madam wife, sit by my side :

We shall ne'er be younger : let the world slide.⁴

[*They take their places.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since, for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd in fruitful Lombardy,

⁴ —let the world SLIDE.] The scene must have ended with a rhyme, which is recovered by an easy transposition preserved in the Corr. fol. 1632, and by the mere change of *slip* for "slide". "Let the world *slide*" was a proverbial expression.

The pleasant garden of great Italy ;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being ; and my father, first
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, comes of the Bentivoli.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind ; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow splash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself ;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy :
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray ;
Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Chop logic with acquaintance that you have,

And practise rhetoric in your common talk :
 Music and poesy use to quicken you :
 The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
 No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en :—
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
 If Biondello now were come ashore,⁵
 We could at once put us in readiness,
 And take a lodging fit to entertain
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
 But stay awhile : what company is this ?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and*
 HORTENSIO. *LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know ;
 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
 Before I have a husband for the elder.
 If either of you both love Katharina,
 Because I know you well, and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her, rather : she's too rough for me.—
 There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

Kath. [*To BAP.*] I pray you, sir, is it your gracious will⁶
 To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?

⁵ —NOW WERE come ashore,] The old copies have *thou wert* for "now were" of the Corr. fol. 1632. Previously, for "Aristotle's checks", are told to read "ethics" on the same authority.

⁶ —is it your GRACIOUS will] *Gracious* is from the Corr. fol. 1632,

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for
you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mood.

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:

I wis, it is not half way to her heart;

But, if it were, doubt not her care should be

To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,

And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see

Maids' mild behaviour, and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio!

[*They stand back.*]

Tra. Well said, master: mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat!⁷ it is best

Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My books and instruments shall be my company,

On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak.

and it is absolutely required by the measure. So two lines farther
on "mood" instead of *mould* is indisputable.

⁷ A pretty PEAT!] "*Peat* or *pet*", says Johnson, "is a word of
endearment, from *petit*, little." Possibly, it is from *petto*, Ital.

Hor. Signor Baptista, will you be so strange?
 Sorry am I that our good will effects
 Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
 Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
 And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd.—
 Go in, Bianca. [Exit BIANCA.]

And for I know she taketh most delight
 In music, instruments, and poetry,
 Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
 Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
 Or signior Gremio, you, know any such,
 Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
 I will be very kind, and liberal
 To mine own children in good bringing-up;
 And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay,
 For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.]

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
 What! shall I be appointed hours? as though, belike,
 I knew not what to take, and what to leave. Ha! [Exit.]

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so
 good, here's none will hold you. Our love is not so
 great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and
 fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides. Fare-
 well:—yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can
 by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein
 she delights, I will wish him to her father.⁸

⁸ I will WISH him to her father.] *i. e.*, I will *recommend* him: to wish was often used in that sense. In act i, sc. 2, of this play, Hortensio says, "And *wish* thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife."

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love—to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell, but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole!⁹ He that runs fastest gets the ring.¹ How say you, signior Gremio?

⁹ Happy man be his DOLE!] *Dole* is any thing dealt out or distributed: the phrase is equivalent to "happy man be his *lot* or *share*." See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii, sc. 4, p. 64.

¹ He that runs fastest gets the RING.] An allusion to the sport of running at the *ring*.

Gre. I am agreed : and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her.
Come on. [*Exeunt* GREMIO and HORTENSIO.]

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold ?

Luc. O, Tranio ! till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely ;
But see ! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness ;
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine ; I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst :
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now ;
Affection is not rated from the heart :
If love have touched you, nought remains but so,—
Redime te captum, quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad ; go forward : this contents ;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O ! yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor's race,²
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,

² Such as the daughter of Agenor's RACE,] *i.e.*, Europa, the daughter of Agenor : the line, as it stands in the old copies, weakly ends with *had* : "race" is from the Corr. fol. 1632.

When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.—
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because he will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua, here, Vincentio's son;
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. *Basta*;³ content thee ; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man, or master : then, it follows thus.
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
I will some other be ; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so.—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee ; take my colour'd hat and cloak :
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. *[They exchange habits.]*
In brief, then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient ;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting ;
"Be serviceable to my son", quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves ;
And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been ?

Bion. Where have I been ? Nay, how now ? Where
are you ?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes,

³ BASTA ;] *i. e.*, enough ; Italian and Spanish.

Or you stol'n his, or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: would I were so too!

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish
after,
That Lucentio, indeed, had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master, Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go.—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

————— [Exeunt.

I *Serv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.⁴

⁴ My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.] The old stage-direction before these interlocutions is, "The presenters above

Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely : comes there any more of it ?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady ; would 'twere done !

SCENE II.—*The Same. Before Hortensio's House.*

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua ; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio ; and, I trow, this is his house.—
Here, sirrah Grumio ! knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir ! whom should I knock ? is there any man has rebused your worship ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir ? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate :
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome.—I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be ?
Faith, sirrah, and you'll not knock, I'll wring it :
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears, who falls down.*

speak ;" meaning, Sly, the attendants, etc., in the usual balcony above the old stage. Afterwards, before the next scene commences, we have, "They sit and mark" from the balcony.

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now! what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.*—

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.⁵—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see) two and thirty,—a pip out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens! Spake you not these words plain,—“Sirrah, knock me here; rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?” And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience: I am Grumio's pledge.

⁵ — what he 'leges in Latin.] Grumio must be supposed to mistake Italian for Latin.

Why this? a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the
world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows but in a few.⁶
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd,
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,⁷
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd

⁶ Where small experience grows, BUT IN A FEW.] This is the old and true reading, the meaning being, that only a few have the power to gain much experience at home. The common text is, "But in a few", etc., which, however, is very intelligible.

⁷ Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,] The story of Florentius,

As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me : were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is : why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;⁸ or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses. Why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous ;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman :
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward ; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace ! thou know'st not gold's effect.
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough,

or Florent, is told in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, lib. i ; and in Lupton's *Thousand Notable Things*, 1586.

⁸ —or an AGLET-baby ;] *Aglets*, or properly *aiguillettes* (Fr.), were the ends or tags of the strings used to fasten or sustain dress. These aglets not unfrequently represented figures ; and hence Grumio's joke about "an aglet-baby". The strings were themselves often called points, being pointed with metal.

For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman :
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts.
O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would
think scolding would do little good upon him. She may,
perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so ; why, that's
nothing : an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope tricks.⁹
I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he
will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it,
that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat.
You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is :
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca ;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love ;
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehears'd,

⁹ —he'll rail in his ROPE-TRICKS.] A blunder, or a joke, on the
part of Grumio for *rhetoricks*.

That ever Katharina will be woo'd :
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gr. Katharine the curst !
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista, as a school-master
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca ;
That so I may by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO; and LUCENTIO disguised, with books under
his arm.*

Gr. Here's no knavery ! See, to beguile the old folks,
how the young folks lay their heads together ! Master,
master, look about you : who goes there ? ha !

Hor. Peace, Grumio : 'tis the rival of my love.—
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gr. A proper stripling, and an amorous. [*They retire.*

Gre. O ! very well ; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir ; I'll have them very fairly bound :
All books of love, see that at any hand ;
And see you read no other lectures to her :
You understand me.—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess.—Take your papers, too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd,
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,

To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as yourself were still in place :
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O, this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O, this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum!—[*Coming forward*—God save
you, signior Gremio!

Gre. And you are well met, signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca :
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man ; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn ; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well : and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress :
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me ; and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katharine ;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold :
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No ; say'st me so, friend ? What countryman ?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son ;
My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange !
But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name :
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent ?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery, thunder, in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?
Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.¹

¹ —FEAR boys with BUGS.] *i. e.*, *Frighten* boys with *bug-bears*.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark.

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoever.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparelled; and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't he you
mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir: you mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [Aside.]

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go.

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of? yea, or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters ! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right ; hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown ;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ;
Then, well one more may fair Bianca have,
And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What ! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head : I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words ?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you this ;
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ?

Tra. No, sir ; but hear I do, that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules,
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me : in sooth,
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed :
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest ;

And if you break the ice, and do this feat,²
 Achieve the elder, set the younger free
 For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
 Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive ;
 And since you do profess to be a suitor,
 You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
 To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign whereof,
 Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,³
 And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;
 And do as adversaries do in law,
 Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O, excellent motion ! Fellows, let's be-
 gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so.—
 Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.⁴ [Exeunt.]

² And if you break the ice, and do this FEAT,] Rowe substituted *feat* for "seek": "feat" is *seeke* in the old copies. It is "feat" also in the Corr. fol. 1632.

³ Please ye we may CONTRIVE this afternoon,] *i. e.*, Spend the afternoon, or wear out the afternoon : from the Latin *contero*. Shakespeare nowhere else uses "contrive" in this sense, and Theobald suggested *convive*, with plausibility.

⁴ Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.] The beginning of Act ii is not marked in the old copies, although we meet with "Actus Primus", "Actus Tertia", "Actus Quartus", and "Actus Quintus".

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in Baptista's House.**Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.*

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me :
That I disdain ; but for these other gards,⁵
Unbind my hands, I'll put them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio ?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O ! then, belike, you fancy riches more :
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so ?
Nay then, you jest ; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while.

⁵ —these other GARDS,] “These other *goods*”, in all the folios ; and the Corr. fol. 1632 instructs us to read *gards*, which may be taken in the not unusual sense of ornaments ; but Bianca may refer to her finery, and “gauds”, which was Theobald's word, may be preferable.

I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside :—poor girl! she weeps.—

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—

For shame, thou hilding⁶ of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after BIANCA.*]

Bap. What! in my sight? [*holding her.*—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit BIANCA.*]

Kath. What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,

And for your love to her lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,

Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit KATHARINA.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?

But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in a mean habit; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a Musician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

⁶ —HILDING—] The word *hilding*, or *hinderling*, says Johnson, means a *low wretch*, and was applied to both sexes. It seems not an old word in our language, though of Anglo-Saxon origin.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio.—God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio: give me leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir, and he, for your good sake:
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn; the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son;

A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well : you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too :
Backare : you are marvellous forward.⁷

Pet. O ! pardon me, signior Gremio ; I would fain be
doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you will curse your
wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it.
To express the like kindness myself, that have been more
kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you
this young scholar [*Presenting* LUCENTIO], that hath been
long studying at Rheims ; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and
other languages, as the other in music and mathematics :
his name is Cambio : pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio : welcome,
good Cambio.—But, gentle sir [*To* TRANIO], methinks,
you walk like a stranger : may I be so bold to know the
cause of your coming ?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,—

⁷ BACKARE : you are marvellous forward.] This is a word of
doubtful etymology and frequent occurrence : it is possibly only a
corruption of “back there” ; for it is always used as a reproof to over-
confidence, and forwardness.

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest :
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books :
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report

I know him well. You are very welcome, sir.—

Take you [*To HOR.*] the lute, and you [*To LUC.*] the set
of books;

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen

To my two daughters; and then tell them both,

These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, and*
BIONDELLO.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well, and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd :
Then, tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands,
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all ;
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed !
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend ! why dost thou look so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician ?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier :
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute ?

Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient, devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she: "I'll fume with them:"
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute,
While she did call me rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!
I love her ten times more than e'er I did.
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, and
HORTENSIO.]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.—
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of
hearing :

They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom ;
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates :⁸ and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation :—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd ! in good time : let him that mov'd you
hither,

Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
You were a movable.

Pet. Why, what's a movable ?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

⁸ For dainties are all CATES :] "Cates" (now *cakes*) generally signified delicate farinacious food ; but sometimes, merely *provisions*.

Kath. No such load as you,⁹ if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What! with my tongue in your tail? nay, come
again:

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.

[*Striking him.*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

⁹ No such LOAD as you,] It is "*jade* as you" in the folios, the printer of that of 1623 having misread "*lode*", as it was then spelt, *iade*. This is the plain solution of a difficulty that has led to much useless annotation.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O! put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O, slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,

Is straight, and slender ; and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O ! let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?
O ! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech ?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother ! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise ?

Kath. Yes ; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed.
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms :—your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on,
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;
For, by this light whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me :
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate¹
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father : never make denial ;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

¹ And bring you from a wild KATE to a Kate] It is probable that a joke was here intended, arising out of the similarity of sound between *cat* and *Kate*. Formerly, when the letter *a* was pronounced broadly, this similarity of sound was more obvious.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now, signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you, You have show'd a tender, fatherly regard, To wish me wed to one half lunatic; A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack, That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus:—yourself and all the world, That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her. If she be curst, it is for policy, For she's not froward, but modest as the dove; She is not hot, but temperate as the morn; For patience she will prove a second Grissel,² And Roman Lucrece for her chastity: And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together, That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio: she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then, good night our pact.³

² —a second GRISSEL,] Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton had made this story better known by their comedy, acted about 1600, printed in 1603, and reprinted by the Shakespeare Society in 1841.

³ —good night our PACT.] *i.e.*, good night our *compact* or agreement, an emendation in the Corr. fol. 1632 for *part* of every old copy: *part* is here nonsense, but it has always been preserved.

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen ; I choose her for myself :
 If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you ?
 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
 That she shall still be curst in company.
 I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
 How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate !
 She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss,
 She vied so fast,⁴ protesting oath on oath,
 That in a twink she won me to her love.
 O ! you are novices : 'tis a world to see,
 How tame, when men and women are alone,
 A meacock wretch⁵ can make the curstest shrew.—
 Give me thy hand, Kate : I will unto Venice,
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests ;
 I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say ; but give me your hands :
 God send you joy, Petruchio ! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we : we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.
 I will to Venice ; Sunday comes apace.
 We will have rings, and things, and fine array ;
 And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.⁶

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE *severally*.

⁴ She VIED so fast,] To *vie* was a term at cards, and sometimes we meet with *re-vie* : *out-vie* occurs in this play hereafter, p. 50. It meant to challenge, or stake down.

⁵ A MEACOCK wretch—] *i. e.*, A cowardly spiritless wretch. "Meacock" has been derived by some from *meek* and *cock* (but see *mes coq*, Fr. Skinner), and it is used by old writers (not again in Shakespeare) both as an adjective and as a substantive.

⁶ —we will be married o' Sunday.] Portions of this and the two

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you :
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.—
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.
Now is the day we long have looked for :
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back : 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen ; I'll compound this
strife :

'Tis deeds must win the prize ; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love.—

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold :
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands ;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry :
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;

preceding lines read as if they had been taken from a ballad, which
is also quoted in the play of *Ralph Roister Doister*, written by
N. Udall as early as the reign of Edward VI.

In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,⁷
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping : then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;
And if I die to-morrow this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That "only" came well in.—Sir, list to me :
I am my father's heir, and only son :
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua ;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio ?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land !
My land amounts not to so much in all :
That she shall have ; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy ?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys : these I will assure her,

⁷ —COUNTERPOINTS,] *i. e.*, As we now call them, *counterpanes*.

And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more ;
And she can have no more than all I have :—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then, the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise : Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best ;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own ; else, you must pardon me.
If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavil : he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd.—On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married :
Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;
If not, to signior Gremio :

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit.]

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not :
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table. Tut ! a toy !
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [Exit.]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide !
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.⁸
'Tis in my head to do my master good :—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio ;

⁸ Yet I have fac'd it with a CARD OF TEN.] The expression seems to have been proverbial : "cards of ten" were the highest in the pack.

And that's a wonder : fathers, commonly,
Do get their children ; but in this case of winning,⁹
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear : you grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal ?

Hor. Tut, wrangling pedant, I avouch this is¹
The patroness of heavenly harmony :
Then, give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd !
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,

⁹ —in this case of WINNING,] The Corr. fol. 1632 alters "wooing" to *winning*, in order that the act may terminate, as it must have done originally, with a rhyme : Steevens proposed *doing* for "cunning".

¹ —I AVOUCH this is] So the Corr. fol. 1632 : without these words the line is wofully mangled, where all the rest are regular.

After his studies, or his usual pain ?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune ?

[*HORTENSIO retires.*]

Luc. That will be never :—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, madam :—

*Hac ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*²

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love ;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.³

² —*celsa senis.*] Ovid, Epist. Her., *Penelope Ulyssi*.

³ —that we might beguile the old PANTALOOON.] In the first scene in which Gremio appears, he is called in the stage-direction "a Pantelowne", a character apparently adopted from the Italian stage.

Hor. [Returning.] Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear.— [HORTENSIO plays.]

O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!⁴ [Aside.
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:—
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you.—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. [To LUCENTIO.] You may go walk, and give me
leave awhile:

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? [Aside.] Well, I must wait,

⁴ How fiery and forward our pedant is!] In the old copies, this and the two next lines are erroneously given to Lucentio, and in other places the characters are evidently confounded: for instance, the line, "In time I may believe, yet I mistrust", is assigned to Lucentio instead of Bianca.

And watch withal ; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art ;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade :
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads.*] *Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,
 A re, to plead Hortensio's passion ;
 B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,
 C fa ut, that loves with all affection :
 D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I :
 E la mi, show pity or I die.

Call you this gamut ? tut, I like it not :
Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for new inventions.⁵

*Enter a Servant.*⁶

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up :

⁵ To CHANGE true rules for NEW inventions.] The reading of the folio 1623 is, "To *charge* true rules for *old* inventions." The folio 1632 reads "change" for *charge*, and Theobald altered *old* into "odd"; but "new" must be the word required, and we find it in the Corr. fol. 1632.

⁶ Enter a SERVANT.] This servant is called "Nick", *i.e.*, Nicholas Tooley, as the prefix to what he says, in the folios.

You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both : I must be gone.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA and Servant.]

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[*Exit.*]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant.

Methinks, he looks as though he were in love :—

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,

Seize thee that list : if once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Same. Before Baptista's House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA,
LUCENTIO, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said ? what mockery will it be,

To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage.

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours ?

Kath. No shame but mine : I must, forsooth, be forc'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,

Unto a mad-brain'd rudesby, full of spleen ;

Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour ;

And to be noted for a merry man,

He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite guests, and proclaim the banns,⁷
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—“Lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.”

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him, though!

[*Exit weeping, followed by BIANCA and others.*]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep,
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, and such old news⁸ as you
never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why no, sir.

Bap. What then?

⁷ Make friends, invite GUESTS, and proclaim the banns;] “Yes” was added after “invite” by the editor of the second folio, but the true emendation is obviously “guests”, which the old printer misread, and which we find in the Corr. fol. 1632.

⁸ —OLD news,] “Old” is wanting in the early editions. Rowe added it, though in the wrong place, in consequence of Baptista's question, “Is it new and old too?”

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless;⁹ with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions,¹ full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives,² stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back,³ and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before, and with a half-cheeked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir! his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey

⁹ —and CHAPELESS;] *i. e.*, Without a hook to the scabbard.

¹ —infected with the FASHIONS,] *i. e.*, *Farcins*, a well-known disease in horses; often mentioned by old writers.

² —past cure of the FIVES,] *i. e.*, *Vives*, or *avives*, another common disorder in horses.

³ —SWAYED in the back,] "*Waid* in the back", old copies.

boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and "the humour of forty fancies" prick'd in't for a feather:⁴ a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion; Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.⁵

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO, both strangely dressed.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

⁴ an old hat, and "the humour of forty fancies" prick'd in't for a feather:] It seems likely that this "humour of forty fancies" was either a ballad so called, or a collection of ballads, stuck in the "lackey's" hat instead of a feather. No such publication, we are sorry to say, is now known.

⁵ And yet not many.] Undoubtedly a scrap of some old ballad, originally printed as prose, and so continued until 1844.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it much better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown :
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day :
First were we sad, fearing you would not come ;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear :
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress ;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her :
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes :
Go to my chamber : put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me : thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus ; therefore have done with
words :

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.

Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a loving kiss!⁶

Exeunt PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, and BIONDELLO.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [Exit.]

Tra. But, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope.
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch out vantage in this business.

⁶ —with a LOVING kiss!] Here again we find "loving" carelessly misprinted *lovely* in the old copies: See *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act iii, sc. 2, p. 47.

We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride, and bridegroom, coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed;
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend!

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs-wouns!" quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all-amaz'd, the priest let fall the book,
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
"Now take them up", quoth he, "if any list".

Tra. What said the wench when he arose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd, and
swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—"A health!" quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm:—quaff'd off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;
Having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo :
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame ;
And after me, I know the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before :
Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play.

[*Music.*]

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,
HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and* Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.
I know you think to dine with me to day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer ;
But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder : if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.—
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife :
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence ; and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre.

Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse!

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses!

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, till please myself.—
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate! content thee: pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead;
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.—

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;
I will be master of what is mine own.
She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;
And here she stands ; touch her whoever dare :
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon ; we're beset with thieves :
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
Fear not, sweet wench ; they shall not touch thee, Kate :
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and GRUMIO.]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like !

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister ?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bride-
groom want

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there want no junkets at the feast.—

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place,

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it ?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen ; let's go.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.⁷SCENE I.—*A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.**Enter GRUMIO.*

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed?⁸ was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself, for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O! ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire! cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou

⁷ ACT IV.] In the old copies, Act iv does not begin until the third scene following. Malone properly divided the comedy otherwise.

⁸ —was ever man SO RAYED?] *i. e.*, *bewrayed*, made dirty.

knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast, for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, "Jack, boy! ho, boy!"⁹ and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of coneycatching.—¹

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order.

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

⁹ —"JACK, boy! ho boy!" The commencement of an old drinking round, dated before 1609.

¹ Come, you are so full of CONEYCATCHING.] "Coneycatching" means *cheating* or *deceiving*, and is a word of very common occurrence. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, p. 7.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[Striking him.

Curt. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.—

Curt. Both of one horse?²

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

² Both OF one horse? This was the phraseology of the time, which some editors have modernised to "both *on* one horse".

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? —Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit:³ let them curtsey with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear? ho! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you; what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

³ —garters of an INDIFFERENT knit:] The sense of "indifferent" here was not unusual at the time; *i. e.*, *not* different. Blue was then a common colour for livery.

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What! no man at the door,
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse.

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir?
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse
drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

"Where is the life that late I led."⁴

[*Singing.*

⁴ See *The Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578.

Where are those—? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!⁵

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

“It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way :”—⁶ [Singing.

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry :
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—
[Strikes him.
Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!—

Enter Servant, with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither :—
[Exit Servant.
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

[A basin is presented to him.
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [Strikes him.
Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!—
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

⁵ SOUD, soud, soud, soud!] Interjections meant probably to indicate heat and impatience.

⁶ “As he forth walked on his way”:] See Percy's *Reliques*, i, 226; edit. 1765, and all subsequent impressions.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—
What's this? mutton?

I *Serv.*

Ay.

Pet.

Who brought it?

I *Serv.*

I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

[Throws the meat, dishes, &c., at them.]

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What! do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders choler, planteth anger:

And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,

And for this night, we'll fast for company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, CURTIS, and others.]

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her ;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away ! for he is coming hither.

[*Exeunt.*]*Re-enter* PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call ;
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not :
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed,
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend
That all is done in reverent care of her ;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;⁷

⁷ This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;] Thomas Heywood wrote an excellent play under the title of a *A Woman-Killed with Kindness*; printed in 1607, and reprinted in 1825 in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. vii. It is probably here alluded to.

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to shew.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[*They stand back.*

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, The Art to Love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

[*They retire.*

Hor. [*Coming forward.*] Quick proceeders, marry! Now,
tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none⁸ in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O, spiteful love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,

⁸ Lov'd NONE—] Old copies, "Lov'd *me*". Corrected by Rowe.

Nor a musician, as I seem to be ;
But one that scorns to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion.
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca ;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court !—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more ; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her, though she would entreat.
Fie on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn
her !

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love :—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit HORTENSIO.*—LUCENTIO and BIANCA advance.]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case !

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love ;
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn
me ?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy !

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school ! what, is there such a place ?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master ;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. O master, master ! I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary ; but at last I spied
An ancient ambler⁹ coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello ?

Bion. Master, a mercatantè,¹⁰ or a pedant,

⁹ An ancient AMBLER] viz., An old man on foot: it is *angel* in the quartos and folios, which Theobald altered, rather than amended, to *engle*, and which some editors have most absurdly taken as *angel*. What had an angel to do there? All that was required was the representative of a father, and Biondello was rejoiced to see an old "ambler" walking that way, "surely like a father". *Angel* was one of the early printer's strange misreadings.

¹⁰ Master, a MERCATANTE,] *Marcantant* in the old folio: Biondello

I know not what ; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio ?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love,¹ and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir !

Tra. And you, sir : you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest ?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two ;
But then up farther, and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray ?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir ?—marry, God forbid !
And come to Padua, careless of your life ?

Ped. My life, sir ! how, I pray ? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause ?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice ; and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.
'Tis marvel ; but that you are but newly come,

did not exactly know whether he was a merchant or a pedant ; he
was certainly not an *angel*, but an *old man on foot*.

¹ Take IN your love,] The folios have *me* for "in".

You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir! it is worse for me than so ;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy
This will I do, and this I will advise you.—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa ?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been ;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio ?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him :
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir ; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. [*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and
all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake ;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Look, that you take upon you as you should :
You understand me, sir ;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O! sir, I do ; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand :
My father is here look'd for every day,

To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :
 In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.
 Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in PETRUCHIO'S House.*

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth ; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
 What, did he marry me to famish me ?
 Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
 Upon entreaty have a present alms ;
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :
 But, I, who never knew how to entreat,
 Nor never needed that I should entreat,
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love ;
 As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.
 I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast ;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot ?

Kath. 'Tis passing good : I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too phlegmatic a meat.²
 How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd ?

Kath. I like it well : good Grumio, fetch it me.

² —too PHLEGMATIC a meat.] So the second folio, avoiding the repetition of "cholerick", three lines lower.

Gru. I cannot tell ; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard ?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, that I will not : you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
That feed'st me with the very name of meat. [*Beats him.*
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery !
Go ; get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all amort ?³

Hor. Mistress, what cheer ?

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits ; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love ; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :

[*Sets the dish on a table.*

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What ! not a word ? Nay then, thou lov'st it not,

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.—⁴

³ What, sweeting, all AMORT ?] "Amort" was a word of frequent occurrence in plays of Shakespeare's time, though he only twice uses it. It is met with again in *Henry VI*, pt. I, act iii, sc. 2, and it is derived from the French, and means, *dead, flat, or dispirited*.

⁴ —is sorted to no PROOF.] *i. e.*, *approof*, or approbation.

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.—
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. [*Aside.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st
me.—

[*To her.*] Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace.—And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.—⁵

What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

[*The meat is removed.*]

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.⁶

⁵ With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.] These four lines read exactly as if they were recited by Petruchio from some old ballad or poem.

⁶ Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.] This line has the prefix of *Fel.* in the folios; possibly, the first letters of *Fellow*, a word then commonly applied to players.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer ;
A velvet dish :—fie, fie ! 'tis lewd and filthy.
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap ;
Away with it ! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger : this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too ;
And not till then.

Hor. [Aside.] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will ; I am no child, no babe :
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break :
And, rather than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true : it is a paltry cap.
A custard-coffin,⁷ a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown ? why, ay :—come, tailor, let us see 't.
O, mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here ?
What's this ? a sleeve ? 'tis like a demi-cannon :
What ! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart ?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,

⁷ A custard-COFFIN,] A *coffin*, was the ancient culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard.

Like to a censer in a barber's shop.—⁸

Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. [*Aside.*] I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O, monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st.
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd: the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.

⁸ Like to a CENSER in a barber's shop.] Steevens tells us that these "censers" were like modern *brasiers*. They were probably curiously carved and ornamented.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order ; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made ?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut ?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me : thou hast braved many men ; brave not me : I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown ; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces : *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. "Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown." [Reading.

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread : I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. "With a small compassed cape."

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. "With a trunk sleeve."

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir ; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again ; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say : an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight : take thou the bill ; give me thy mete-yard,⁹ and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio ! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir : 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life ! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use !

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that ?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit's deeper than you think for.
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use !
O, fie, fie, fie !

Pet. [*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.—

Go take it hence ; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow :
Take no unkindness of his hasty words. [*Aside.*]
Away, I say ; commend me to thy master.

[*Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher.*¹⁰

Pet. Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's
Even in these honest mean habiliments.
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

⁹ —take thou the BILL, give me thy METE-YARD.] The joke intended is lost, unless we remember that "bill" meant either a piece of paper, or a weapon, such as was carried by watchmen, etc., in the time of Shakespeare.

¹⁰ *Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher.*] The *exit* of the Haberdasher is not mentioned in any edition. He had perhaps stood trembling by, after producing his cap.

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What ! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?
O ! no, good Kate : neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me ;
And therefore frolic : we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see ; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse.
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone :
I will not go to-day ; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Padua. *Before Baptista's House.*

Enter TRANIO, *and the Pedant dressed like* VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house : please it you that I call ?

Ped. Ay, what else ? and, but I be deceived,

Signior Baptista may remember me
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well ; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Ped. I warrant you. . But, sir, here comes your boy ;
'Twere good he were school'd.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Tra. Fear you not him.—Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you :
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut ! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow : hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista.—Set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of. [To Pedant.

I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son !—

Sir, by your leave : having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself :
And, for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, to stay him not too long,

I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd ; and, if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement,¹
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd ;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say :
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio, here,
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections ;
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done :
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you hold best
We be affied, and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

¹ No worse than I, upon some agreement,] The folio 1632 inserted *sir* in the middle of this line, and at the end of one lower down in the page ; but properly read they hardly require addition. In the same way it added *most* twice over in the line, "Me shall you find ready and willing." It seems very doubtful if Shakespeare did not leave the whole passage as in the folio 1623 ; and we are always opposed to patching and piecing his verses.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you :
There doth my father lie, and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here ;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well.—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened :
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may with all my heart !

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.—
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?
Welcome : one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir ; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA.]

Bion. Cambio !—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello ?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you ?

Luc. Biondello, what of that ?

Bion. Faith, nothing ; but he has left me here behind, to
expound the meaning, or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralise them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the
deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him ?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the
supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at St. Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except while they are busied about a counterfeit assurance, take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*. To the church!—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses. If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.

[*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—A Public Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name: once more toward our father's.

Good lord! how bright and goodly shines the moon.

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or stars, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.—
Go one, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd ; nothing but cross'd.

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :
An if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know, it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie : it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun ;
But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes, even as your mind :
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is ;
And so it shall be still for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways : the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward ! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft ! what company is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

[*To VINCENTIO.*] Good morrow, gentle mistress ; where
away ?—

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly, too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks !
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling—Pisa,
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father:

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and VINCENTIO.]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Padua. *Before Lucentio's House.*

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA;
GREMIO walking on the other side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello ; but they may chance to need thee at home : therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back ; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.²

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house ; My father's bears more toward the market-place : Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go. I think I shall command your welcome here, And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within ; you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate ?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir ?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal ?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself : he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was well beloved in Padua. —Do you hear, sir ? to leave frivolous circumstances, I pray

² —and then come back to my MASTER as soon as I can.] *Mistress* is the reading of the old copies : the mistake no doubt arose from M. being put in the MS. for either master or mistress.

you, tell signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa,³ and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To VINCEN.*] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing BIONDELLO.*

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What! have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What! you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats BIONDELLO.*

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

³ —his father is come from PISA,] *Padua* in the old copies; an error, correcting itself.

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[*Exit, from the window.*]

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy.

[*They retire.*]

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O, fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!⁴—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What! is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you⁵ if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir: you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and

⁴ —and a COPATAIN hat!] It is not exactly known what kind of hat was intended by a "copatain hat": it is generally supposed to mean a hat with a high conical crown.

⁵ Why, sir, what 'CERNS it you] So the folio of 1623;—a colloquial abbreviation of *concerns*, which is substituted in the folio 1632.

he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O! he hath murdered his master.—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the jail.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio. I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the jail with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused.—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father.

[*Kneeling.*]

Vin.

Lives my sweet son?

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out.⁵*Bian.* Pardon, dear father.[*Kneeling.**Bap.*

How hast thou offended?—

Where is Lucentio?

Luc.

Here's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!*Vin.* Where is that damned villain, Tranio,

That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?*Bian.* Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town;

And happily I have arrived at last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to,

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.*Bap.* [To LUCENTIO.] But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?*Vin.* Fear not, Baptista; we will content you: go to; but I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. [Exit.*Bap.* And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [Exit.

⁵ Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant run out.] The old simple stage-direction is, "*Exit* Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be." Perhaps we ought to have preserved it above.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca ; thy father will not frown.

[*Exeunt LUC. and BIAN.*]

Gre. My cake is dough ;⁶ but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What ! in the midst of the street ?

Pet. What ! art thou ashamed of me ?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid ; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then, let's home again.—Come, sirrah, let's
away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss : [*kissing him*] now
pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well ?—Come, my sweet Kate :
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Lucentio's House.*

*A Banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO,
the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHA-
RINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO,
GRUMIO, and others, attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree :
And time it is, when raging war is gone,⁷

⁶ My cake is DOUGH ;] A proverbial expression, when disappointment was sustained. Gremio has already used it in act i, sc. 1 of this play, p. 18, with an addition, "our cake's dough *on both sides*."

⁷ —when raging war is GONE,] The old copies have, "when raging war is *come*." Rowe's emendation was *done*, which has been blindly followed, but the old compositor blundered between "gone" and *come* : "gone" is from the Corr. fol. 1632.

To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.—
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house :
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down ;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then, never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense :
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that ?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceive by me !—How likes Hortensio that ?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended.—Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. "He that is giddy thinks the world turns round :"
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrow,^s

^s troubled with a SHROW,] Here, for the sake of the intended couplet, we observe the old spelling of "shrew": the same remark applies to the penultimate line of the comedy.

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe.
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore, I'll sleep
again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio;
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not:
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O sir! Lucentio slipp'd me, like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:

'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his several wife;⁹
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc.

Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor.

Content.

Pet.

A match! 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc.

That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

⁹ —his SEVERAL wife,] "Several" is from the Corr. fol. 1632, and was, no doubt, accidentally omitted.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word,
That she is busy, and she cannot come!

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope a better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.]

Pet. O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse! she will not come? O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress; say,
I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina !

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me ?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife ?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither : if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit KATHARINA.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy ;
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio !
The wager thou hast won ; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns ;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not ;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA pulls off her cap and throws it down.

Wid. Lord ! let me never have a cause to sigh,

Till I be brought to such a silly pass !

Bian. Fie ! what a foolish duty call you this ?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too :

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me a hundred crowns¹ since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking : we will have no
telling.

Pet. Come on, I say ; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall :—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie ! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads ;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance ; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,

¹ —AN hundred crowns—] Old copies, "*five* hundred". Corrected
by Pope, and in the Corr. fol. 1632.

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?
I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace ;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts ?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown ;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs,² for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot :
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

² Then VAIL your stomachs,] *i. e.*, lower or abate your pride.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;³

[*To* LUCENTIO.

And, being a winner, God give you good night.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATH.

Hor. Now go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a curst shrow.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[*Exeunt.*⁴

³ —though you hit the WHITE;] To “hit the *white*” is a phrase borrowed from archery; the *white* being the centre of the target.

⁴ *Exeunt.*] What becomes of Sly and the spectators in the balcony we are not informed in Shakespere's comedy, as it has come down to us; but in the old *Taming of a Shrew*, 1594, on which it was founded, they retire after a few unnecessary interlocutions. Perhaps in Shakespeare they became weary, and made their *exit* before the last Act, or at all events before the wager-scene.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

King of France.

Duke of Florence.

BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*

LAFEU, *an old Lord.*

PAROLLES, *a Follower of Bertram.*

French Envoy, *serving with Bertram.*

French Gentleman, *also serving with Bertram.*

RINALDO, *Steward to the Countess of Rousillon.*

Clown, *in her household.*

A Page.

Countess of Rousillon, Mother to Bertram.

HELENA, *a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.*

A Widow of Florence.

DIANA, *Daughter to the Widow.*

VIOLENTA, }
MARIANA, } *Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.*

Lords, attending on the King ; Officers, Soldiers, etc., French and
Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

¹ A list of the characters was first supplied by Rowe in 1709 : the play is not known to have been printed before it appeared in the folio 1623, and it holds the same place in the three later folios.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. *A Hall in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter Countess of Rousillon, her son BERTRAM, HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.*²

Count. IN' delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew ; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam ;—you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment ?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam ; under whose practises he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

² —all in BLACK.] We have thought nothing lost by preserving the simplicity of the old-stage-direction, instead of its modernisation "in mourning".

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that “had”! how sad a passage ’tis!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, ’t would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king’s sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king’s disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so—Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly and mourningly. He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. ’Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena:

go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed; but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram; and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head!—Farewell, my lord:
'Tis an unseason'd courtier: good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit Countess.*]

Ber. [*To HELENA.*] The best wishes that can be forged
in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to
my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of
your father.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.*]

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;

And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him.³ What was he like?
I have forgot him ; my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone : there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me :
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself :
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour ; to sit and draw
His arched brow, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table ; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour :
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here ?

Enter PAROLLES, behind.

One that goes with him : I love him for his sake ;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind : withal, full oft we see

³ Than those I shed for HIM.] Her meaning seems to be, that the great tears she lets fall grace the remembrance of Bertram more than those she sheds for her father, her grief being mainly for the departure of Bertram.

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

[*Coming forward.*

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldiër in you, let me ask you a question: man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak. Unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins: virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion; away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't: 'tis against the rule

of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin : virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese ; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin⁴ in the canon. Keep it not : you cannot choose but lose by't. Out with't : within two years it will make itself two,⁵ which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking ?

Par. Let me see : marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying ; the longer kept, the less worth : off with't, while 'tis vendible : answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion ; richly suited, but unsuitable : just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek ; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears : it looks ill, it eats dryly : marry, 'tis a withered pear ; it was formerly better ; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear. Will you anything with it ?

⁴ —the most INHIBITED sin—] *i.e.*, *prohibited*: “inhibit” and “inhibited” are elsewhere employed by Shakespeare in the same sense, which prevailed from Bale to Burnet.

⁵ —within two years it will make itself TWO,] This is the amended reading in the Corr. fol. 1632, and it seems to make clear sense out of a much-disputed passage. It is, therefore, needless to enter into the by-gone controversy.

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master⁶ have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear ;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster ; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall :—God send him well !—
The court's a learning-place ;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith ?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity ?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt ; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show that we alone must think ; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*

⁶ THERE shall your master] It is not easy to decide to what the adverb "there" applies : probably to the French court, whither Bertram had gone. The whole speech is abrupt and obscure, and very possibly something has been lost. Helen's mind is obviously in a state of confusion and perturbation ; and her imagination supplies many of the apparent vacancies in what she utters.

Par. Little Helen, farewell : if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars ?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so ?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety : but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier ; in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalise thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee ; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away : farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers ; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee : so farewell. [*Exit.*]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven : the fated sky
Gives us free scope ; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high ;

That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
 The mightiest space in nature fortune brings⁷
 To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
 Impossible be strange attempts to those
 That weigh their pains in sense ; and do suppose,
 What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
 To show her merit, that did miss her love?
 The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
 But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, with
 letters ; Lords and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears ;
 Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
 A braving war.

I Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible : we here receive it
 A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
 With caution, that the Florentine will move us
 For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend
 Prejudicates the business, and would seem
 To have us make denial.

I Lord. His love and wisdom,
 Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead

⁷ The mightiest space in NATURE fortune brings] So the Corr. fol. 1632, but in the old copies "nature" and "fortune" are made to change places : accident may abolish the greatest distances.

For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes :
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here ?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face ;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship,
First tried our soldiership. He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplined of the bravest : he lasted long ;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,

Ere they can hide their levity in honour
So like a courtier : contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride, or sharpness ; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them ; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand : who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times,
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb :
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him ! He would always say,
(Methinks, I hear him now ; his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear),—"Let me not live",—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out, "let me not live", quoth he,
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain ; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments ; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions."—This he wish'd :
I, after him, do after him wish too,

Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourer room.

2 Lord.

You are lov'd, sir ;

They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is 't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died ?
He was much fam'd.

Ber.

Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet :—
Lend me an arm :—the rest have worn me out
With several applications : nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count ;
My son 's no dearer.

Ber.

Thank your majesty. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's
Palace.*

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear : what say you of this gentle-
woman ?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your con-
tent, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past
endeavours ; for then we wound our modesty, and make
foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we
publish them.

Count. What does this knave here ?—Get you gone,
sirrah : the complaints I have heard of you I do not all
believe : 'tis my slowness that I do not ; for I know you

lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam ; 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned. But, if I may have your ladyship's goodwill to go to the world,⁸ Isbel, your woman, and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar ?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case ?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage ; and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body, for they say, bairns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Count. My poor body, madam, requires it : I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason ?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them ?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are ; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

⁸ —to go to the WORLD,] This phrase signifies *to be married* : see *Much Ado about Nothing*, act ii, sc. 1, p. 28. We have also had it in other places.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam ; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thinè enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam ; e'en great friends ;⁹ for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop : if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood ; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood ; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend : *ergo* he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage ; for young Chairbon the puritan, and old Poisson the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one ; they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave ?

Clo. A prophet I, madam ; and I speak the truth the next way :

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find ;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir : I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you : of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her ; Helen I mean.

⁹ —E'EN great friends ;] The old copy reads, "*in* great friends."

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.¹

Count. What! one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o' the song. Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but ere every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.

Count. Well, now?

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

¹ There's yet one good in ten.] No such ballads are now known as those here quoted by the Clown.

Count. Faith, I do : her father bequeathed her to me ; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds : there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me : alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears ; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son : Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates ; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level ; Diana, no queen of virgins,² that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in ; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, sithence in the loss that may happen it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly : keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me : stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you farther anon. [Exit Steward.]

Count. Even so it was with me when I was young :
If ever we are nature's, these are ours ; this thorn

² —DIANA, NO queen of virgins,] Theobald supplied the words "Diana, no", which are omitted in the old copies : Rowe also very properly added "to be" in the next line.

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born :
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth :
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults ; or then we thought them none.

Enter HELENA.

Her eye is sick on't : I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam ?

Count.

You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count.

Nay, a mother.

Why not a mother ? When I said a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent : what's in mother,
That you start at it ? I say, I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine. 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature ; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds :
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care.—
God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother ? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye ?—
Why, that you are my daughter ?

Hel.

That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel.

Pardon, madam ;

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother :
I am from humble, he from honour'd name ;
No note upon my parents, his all noble :
My master, my dear lord, he is ; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die.
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother ?

Hel. You are my mother, madam : would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed my mother !—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.
God shield you mean it not ! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again ?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness : now I see
The mystery of your loneliness,³ and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son : invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;
But tell me, then, 'tis so :—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to the other ; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it : only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so ?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew ;

³ The mystery of your LONELINESS,] The old copies have *loveliness* for "loneliness"; but the mistake is evident.

If it be not, forswear't : howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress.

Count. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam ?

Count. Go not about : my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, disclose
The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you, [*Kneeling.*
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.—

My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my love :
Be not offended, for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit ;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,⁴
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,

⁴ Yet, in this CAPTIOUS and intenible sieve,] "Captious" means capable of *taking* or *receiving*, and "intenible" (printed *intemible* in the first folio, and rightly in the second) incapable of *retaining*.

But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
 Let not your hate encounter with my love,
 For loving where you do : but, if yourself,
 Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
 Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
 Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
 Was both herself and love, O ! then, give pity
 To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
 But lend and give where she is sure to lose ;
 That seeks not to find that her search implies,
 But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
 To go to Paris ?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore ? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth ; by grace itself, I swear.
 You know, my father left me some prescriptions
 Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
 And manifold experience⁵ had collected
 For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me
 In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
 As notes, whose faculties inclusive were
 More than they were in note. Amongst the rest,
 There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
 To cure the desperate languishings whereof
 The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
 For Paris, was it ? speak.

⁵ And MANIFOLD experience.] It stood absurdly "*manifest experience*" in all editions before the discovery of the Corr. fol. 1632 ; but only in one subsequent to that date.

Hel. My lord, your son, made me to think of this ;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it ? He and his physicians
Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself ?

Hel. There's something hints,⁶
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven : and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
This well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't ?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing unto thy attempt.
Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss. [*Exeunt.*

⁶ There's something HINTS,] The emendation of Sir Thomas Hanmer, but the old copies read, "There's something in 't".

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, with young Lords taking leave of him for the Florentine war ; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lords : these warlike principles
Do not throw from you :—and you, my lords, farewell.—
Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady⁷
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords ;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen : let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it : when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty !

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them.

⁷ —he OWES the malady—] *i. e.*, *owns*, as in other instances.

They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand : beware of being captives
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The King retires, supported, to a couch.*]

1 Lord. O, my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us !

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars !

Par. Most admirable : I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with ;

“Too young,” and “the next year,” and “'tis too early.”

Par. And thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with. By heaven ! I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory ; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 Lord. Farewell, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Parolles !

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks, and lustrous, a word, good metals :—you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek : it was this very sword entrenched it : say to him, I live, and observe his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain. [Exeunt Lords.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices!—[*To BERTRAM.*] What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king— [Seeing the King rise.

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords: you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time: there do muster true gait; eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my Lord [*Kneeling*], for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across.—But, my good lord, 'tis thus:
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O! will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen

A medicine that's able to breathe life into a stone,
 Quickened a rock, and make you dance canary⁸
 With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
 Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
 To give great Charlemaine a pen in 's hand,⁹
 And write to her a love-line.

King.

What "her" is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she. My lord, there's one arriv'd,
 If you will see her:—now, by my faith and honour,
 If seriously I may convey my thoughts
 In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
 With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,
 Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
 Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,
 (For that is her demand) and know her business?
 That done, laugh well at me.

King.

Now, good Lafeu,
 Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
 May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
 By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf.

Nay, I'll fit you,

And not be all day neither.

[*Exit LAFEU.*]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

[*To HELENA.*]

King.

This haste hath wings indeed.

⁸ —and make you dance CANARY,] *Canary* was the name of a lively kind of dance, perhaps inspired by Canary wine.

⁹ —a pen IN 's hand,] So the old copies: Malone reads "*in his hand.*" Charlemagne could not write till he was very old.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

This is his majesty, say your mind to him :
A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together. Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was my
father ;

In what he did profess well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him ;
Knowing him, is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bad me store up as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so ;
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;
But may not be so credulous of cure :
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable state, I say, we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics ; or to dissever so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains :
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful.
Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live ;
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources ; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.¹

King. I must not hear thee : fare thee well, kind maid.
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.

¹ —and despair most FITS.] The old copies have *shifts*, which Pope, for the sake of the rhyme, as well as the sense, altered to *sits*. Lord Ellesmere's copy of the folio 1632 has been corrected to *fits*, in a hand-writing of about the time. *Shifts* is also emended to "fits" (*i. e.*, *befits*) in the Corr. fol. 1632.

It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows ;
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim ;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident ? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure ?

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'st thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise ; ne worse of worst extended,²

² —NE worse of worst extended,] The disputed meaning may be what is expressed by the phrase, "Let the worst come to the worst ;" *i. e.*, let "worse" be "extended" to the "worst". In the preceding line some have, quite needlessly, altered "maiden's" to *maid's*.

With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerful sound within an organ weak ;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate ;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, honour, all³
That happiness and prime can happy call :
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my fee ;
But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even ?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hope of heaven.⁴

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command :
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state ;

³ Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, HONOUR, all] "Honour" is from the Corr. fol. 1632 : we, therefore, prefer it to the merely modern conjecture of *virtue*.

⁴ —and my hope of HEAVEN.] The old copies have *help* for "heaven", but the true word "hope" is given in the Corr. fol. 1632.

But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd :
So make the choice of thy own time ; for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust,
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on ; but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho !—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt, the King supported.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's
Residence.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir : I shall now put you to the height
of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught. I
know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court ! why, what place make you special,
when you put off that with such contempt ? “But to the
court” !

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any man-
ners, he may easily put it off at court : he that cannot
make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing,
has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap ; and, indeed, such a
fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court. But, for
me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks ; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions ?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth ; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions ?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to't : ask me if I am a courtier ; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could.—I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier ?

Clo. "O Lord, sir !"—there's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. "O Lord, sir !"—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whipping, and "spare not me"? Indeed, your "O Lord, sir!" is very sequent to your whipping : you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my "O Lord, sir!" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir : to your business. Give Helen this, And urge her to a present answer back : Commend me to my kinsmen and my son. This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you : you understand me ?

Clo. Most fruitfully : I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE III.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.⁵

Laf. They say miracles are past ; and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar things

⁵ *Enter* BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.] There is some slight

supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say ; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right ; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis ; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right ; as 'twere a man assured of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well ; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed : if you will have it in showing,—you shall read it in,—what do you call there ?—

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said ; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier : 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange ; 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it ; and he is of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

confusion of persons and speeches in the opening of this scene, which it has been proposed to remedy in various ways, but none of them satisfactory. We, therefore, follow the intelligible old copies.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence ; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it ; you say well. Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says : I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.⁶

Par. *Mort du vinaigre !*⁷ Is not this Helen ?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[Exit an Attendant.]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side ;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords and BERTRAM.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye : this youthful parcel

⁶ —to lead her a CORANTO.] A species of dance, often mentioned in writers of Shakespeare's time. It was of a very active and lively description. It occurs again in *Twelfth Night*, act i, sc. 3.

⁷ *Mort du vinaigre !*] The old copy has *Mor du vinager* ; most likely a corruption of *Mort du vinaigre*, an affected exclamation by Parolles.

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use : thy frank election make.
Thou hast power to choose, they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please !—marry, to each, but one.

Laf. I'd give bay curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth were no more broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well :
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid ; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—
Please it your majesty, I have done already :
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
“ We blush, that thou shouldst choose ; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever ;
We'll ne'er come there again.”

King. Make choice ; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?

Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir : all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace
for my life.⁸

⁸ —than throw AMES-ACE for my life.] Spoken ironically. “Ames-

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak too threateningly replies :
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant ! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her ? An they were sons of
mine, I'd have them whipped, or I would send them to
the Turk to make eunuchs of.

Hel. [*To 3 Lord.*] Be not afraid that I your hand should
take ;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake :
Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her :
sure, they are bastards to the English ; the French ne'er
got them.

Hel. [*To 4 Lord.*] You are too young, too happy, and
too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father
drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of
fourteen : I have known thee already.

Hel. [*To BERTRAM.*] I dare not say I take you ; but I
give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

ace", or *both aces*, was the lowest throw upon two dice : to throw
ames-ace is an expression, often met with, indicating ill-luck.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her ; she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege ! I shall beseech your highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me ?

Ber. Yes, my good lord ;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising ? I know her well ;
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife !—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever !

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name ; but do not so :
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed :
Where great additions swell 's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour : good alone
Is good, without a name ; vileness is so :
The property by what it is should go,

Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour : that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire : honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb ; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said ?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest : virtue and she
Is her own dower ; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to
choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad.
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake, which to defend,⁹
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift ;
That dost in vile misprison shackle up
My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam ; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt :

⁹ —which to DEFEND,] *Defeat* in all the folios, but “defend” in the Corr. fol. 1632. Theobald also substituted “defend”.

Obeys our will, which travails in thy good :
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims ;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers, and the cureless lapse¹
Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and hate,
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak : thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord, for I submit [*Kneeling.*
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 't were, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine : to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-borne brief,
And be perform'd to-night : the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,

¹ —the CURELESS lapse] It is "*careless* lapse" in the folios, but "*cureless*" was no doubt the poet's word, which he uses in combination with "*ruin*" in *The Merchant of Venice*, act iv, sc. 1, p. 76. It was a "*careless*" misprint by the old compositor, but not *cureless*.

Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious, else, does err.

[*Exeunt* KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords, and
Attendants.²

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation!—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir: let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,³ to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel: it might pass; yet the scarfs, and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee:

² —and Attendants.] The old copies have the following additional stage-direction here: "Parolles and Lafeu stay behind, commenting of this wedding."

³ —for two ORDINARIES,] While I dined in your company twice.

when I lose thee again, I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every drachm of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [Exit.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of

his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him: an if I could but meet him again!

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married: there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate: you are a vagabond, and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the condition of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry.⁴ You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*]

⁴ —than the CONDITION of your birth and virtue gives you HERALDRY.] Malone made *commission* of the folios change places with "heraldry", but the Corr. fol. 1632 renders it needless by showing that "condition" was misprinted *commission*.

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good ; it is so, then :—good, very good.
Let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever !

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart ?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What ? what, sweet heart ?

Ber. O, my Parolles, they have married me !—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot. To the wars !

Ber. There's letters from my mother : what the import
is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy !
to the wars !

He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his hicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions !
France is a stable ; we, that dwell in 't, jades ;
Therefore, to the wars !

Ber. It shall be so ; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled ; write to the king
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife

To the dark house, and the detested wife.⁵

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee? art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it; 'tis
hard.

A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her: bravely go.
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Another Room.*

Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's
very merry; but yet she is not well; but thanks be given,
she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet
she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's
not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send
her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from which
God send her quickly!

⁵ — and the DETESTED wife.] The old copies have "*detected* wife", altered to "*detested*" in the Corr. fol. 1632. In act iii, sc. 5, Bertram is called Helena's "*detesting* lord".

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.⁶

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that is, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool: I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were you taught to find me?

Par. Go to, I say: I have found thee: no more. I have found thee, a witty fool.⁷

Clo. The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may

⁶ —mine own good FORTUNES.] *Fortune* in the old copies; but the answer of Parolles shows that it ought to be in the plural.

⁷ This speech, omitted accidentally in the old copies, is given in the Corr. fol. 1632: if it be not inserted, the Clown is made to speak twice running, which cannot be right, and justifies the addition.

you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and right of love,
Which as your due time claims, he does acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;⁸
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,⁹
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.¹

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

⁸ But puts it off TO a compell'd restraint;] *i. e.*, Postpones it *owing to* a compulsory restraint.

⁹ —the CURBED time,] The time to which the "compell'd restraint" applies.

¹ May make it probable NEED.] *i. e.*, May give it the appearance of necessity.

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the Same.**Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.*

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true. I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes. I pray you, make us friends: I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [*To BERTRAM.*] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O! I know him well.—Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [*Aside to PAROLLES.*] Is she gone to the king?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

Given order for our horses ; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End, ere I do begin.²

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner ; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur ?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard ; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord ; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut ; the soul of this man is his clothes : trust him not in matter of heavy consequence ; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur : I have spoken better of you than you have, or will deserve at my hand ; but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him ?

² END, ere I do begin.] All copies, ancient and modern, read, "And ere I do begin—" as if it were a broken sentence. The true text is given in the Corr. fol. 1632, and in the folio 1623 in Lord Ellesmere's Library.

Ber. Yes, I do know him well ; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting ; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular : prepar'd I was not
For such a business ; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home ;
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you,
For my respects are better than they seem ;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[*Giving a letter.*

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you : so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go :
My haste is very great. Farewell : hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you ? say.

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe ;³
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is,
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have ?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much :—nothing,
indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would, my lord ;—'faith,
yes ;—

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men,⁴ monsieur ?—Farewell.

[*Exit* HELENA.]

Go thou toward home ; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
Away ! and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio ! [*Exeunt.*]

³ —the wealth I OWE ;] *i. e.*, I *own* or am *possessed* of.

⁴ Where are my other men ?] This line clearly belongs to Bertram, but in the folios it is made the conclusion of Helena's speech : "Farewell. Go thou toward home" is addressed to her.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. *A Hall in the Duke's Palace.**Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; two Frenchmen, and Soldiers.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

I Lord. Holy seems the quarrel⁵
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

Fr. Env. Good, my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable notion:⁶ therefore, dare not

⁵ Holy seems the quarrel] This should seem to be the remark of a Florentine Lord; as in the old copies the "two Frenchmen" (so called in the introduction to the scene) are distinguished by "*French E.*" and "*French G.*" (perhaps French Envoy and French Gentleman) before what is assigned to them in the dialogue.

⁶ By self-unable NOTION.] *Motion* in the folios: Theobald's emendation. Five lines farther on Rowe amended *nature* to "nation".

Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

Fr. Gent. But I am sure the younger of our nation,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be,
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well ;
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's House.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save
that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very
melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you ?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing ; mend
the ruff, and sing ; ask questions, and sing ; pick his teeth,
and sing. I knew a man, that had this trick of melan-
choly, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means
to come. [*Opening a letter.*]

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court. Our
old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your
old ling and your Isbels o' the court : the brain of my

Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there.

[*Exit.*

Count. [*Reads.*] "I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear, I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

"Your unfortunate son,

"BERTRAM."

This is not well: rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire!

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam! yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort: your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more; for my part, I only hear your son was run away.

[*Exit.*

*Enter HELENA and two French Gentlemen.*⁷

Fr. Env. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone ; for ever gone.

Fr. Gen. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't :—where is my son, I pray you ?

Fr. Gen. Madam, he 's gone to serve the duke of
Florence :

We met him thitherward ; for thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam : here 's my passport.

[*Reads.*] "When thou canst get the ring upon my finger which
never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of
thy body that I am father to, then call me husband :
but in such a *then* I write a *never*."

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen ?

Fr. Env. Ay, madam ;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer ;
If thou engrossest all the griefs as thine,⁸

⁷ —and two French Gentlemen.] The same who had appeared in a former scene, and are now again, in the old copies, called "French E." and "French G.", *i. e.*, perhaps, as we may conjecture, French Envoy and French Gentleman.

⁸ —all the griefs AS thine,] So the Corr. fol. 1632 for "*are* thine" of the folios : Rowe made the same change.

Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

Fr. Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Fr. Gen. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe 't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

Fr. Env. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [*Reads.*]

"Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

Fr. Env. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,
Which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly mistress.—Who was with him?

Fr. Env. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was it not?

Fr. Env. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

Fr. Env. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,

Which holds him much to leave.⁹

Count. Y' are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses : more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

Fr. Gen. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near ?

[*Exeunt Countess and French Gentlemen.*]

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."
Nothing in France, until he has no wife !
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France ;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord ! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war ? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets ? O ! you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the volant speed of fire,
Fly with false aim ; wound the still-piecing air
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord !¹

⁹ Which holds him much to LEAVE.] "Leave" is from the Corr. fol. 1632, and puts an end to all doubt about a much-disputed passage : the old and corrupt reading is *have* for "leave".

¹ —do not touch my lord !] "Volant", instead of *violent*, "wound" instead of *move*, and "still-piecing" instead of *still-peering* are admirable emendations from the Corr. fol. 1632, and bring out the full meaning of the poet.

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there ;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it ;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere,
I met the ravine lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger ; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all : I will be gone ;
My being here it is that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do 't ? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all : I will be gone ;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight
To console thine ear. Come, night ; end, day ;
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art ; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength ; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To th' extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress !

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file :
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's House.*

Enter the Countess and her Steward.

Count. Alas ! and would you take the letter of her ?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

Stew. [Reads.]

“I am Saint Jaques’ pilgrim, thither gone.
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write ! that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie :
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive :
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth :
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.”

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest
words !—

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so : had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew.

Pardon me, madam :

If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en ; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count.

What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife :
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger.—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return ; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill, or sense²
To make distinction.—Provide this messenger.—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*

² —I have no skill, OR sense] It is "skill *in* sense" in all authorities, excepting the Corr. fol. 1632, which reads as our text, most properly, as we apprehend.

SCENE V.—*Without the Walls of Florence.*

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander, and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour ; [*distant trumpets again*] they are gone a contrary way : hark ! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come ; let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl : the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave ; hang him ! one Parolles ; a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl :³ —Beware of them, Diana ; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under :⁴ many a maid hath been seduced by them ; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs

³ —those SUGGESTIONS for the young earl :] *i. e.*, *Temptations*.

⁴ —are not the things they GO UNDER :] *i. e.*, Are not the things they *pretend to be*.

that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you farther ; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no farther danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim : I know she will lie at my house ; thither they send one another. I'll question her.—

God save you, pilgrim ! Whither are you bound ?

Hel. To Saint Jacques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you ?

Wid. At the *Saint Francis* here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way ?

Wid.

Ay, marry, is 't.—Hark you !

[*A march afar off.*]

They come this way.—

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd ;

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself ?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France ?

Hel.

I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel.

His name, I pray you ?

Dia. The count Rousillon : know you such a one ?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him :
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so ?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth : I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name ?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O ! I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated : all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady !
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right : good creature !⁵ wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean ?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

⁵ AY, RIGHT : good creature !] In all the folios it stands "I write good creature", which, if an expression of the time, which may be disputed, is not intelligible in the sense here required. Of old "ay" was usually printed *I*, and "right" seems to have been misprinted *write*. The meaning is evident.

Wid. He does, indeed ;
And brokes with all that can, in such a suit,
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid ;
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Mar. The gods forbid else !

*Enter, with drum and colours, a part of the Florentine
army, BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*

Wid. So, now they come.—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman ?

Dia. He ;
That with the plume : 'tis a most gallant fellow ;
I would he lov'd his wife. If he were honest,
He were much goodlier : is 't not a handsome gentleman ?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest. Yond's that same
knave
That leads him to these places : were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he ?

Dia. That jackanapes with scarfs : why is he melan-
choly ?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum ! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look, he
has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you !

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier !

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Officers, and Soldiers.*

Wid. The troop is past.—Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host : of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you.

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me ; and, to requite you farther,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin,⁶
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Camp before Florence.*

Enter BERTRAM, *and the two Frenchmen.*⁷

Fr. Env. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't ; let him have his way.

Fr. Gent. If your lordship find him not a hilding,⁸ hold me no more in your respect.

⁶ —some precepts OF this virgin.] Modern editors follow the second folio in reading "*on* this virgin ;" but the first folio has it "*of* this virgin," which was the language of the time.

⁷ *Enter* BERTRAM, *and the two Frenchmen.*] The old stage-direction is, "*Enter* count Rousillon and the Frenchmen, as at first", referring to the scene, in which "French E." and "French G." had appeared twice already.

⁸ a HILDING,] A *hilding* is a low cowardly fellow. See *Taming of the Shrew*, act ii, sc. i, p. 36.

Fr. Env. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

Fr. Env. Believe it, my lord: in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

Fr. Gent. It were fit you knew him, lest reposing too far in his virtue which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Fr. Gent. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

Fr. Env. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

Fr. Gent. O! for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum: he says he has a stratagem for't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore⁹ will be melted, if you

⁹ —counterfeit lump of ORE—] The old copies read *ours* for "ore". Theobald made the judicious alteration.

give him not John Drum's entertainment,¹ your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

Fr. Env. O! for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

Fr. Gent. A pox on't! let it go: 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was an excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

Fr. Gent. That was not to be blamed in the comment on the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might: but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*—

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you

¹ John Drum's entertainment,] This proverbial expression seems equivalent to *drumming out*. One of the earliest dramas, in which Jack Drum's entertainment is mentioned, is *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584, where Dissimulation tells Simplicity, "Pack hence, away—Jack Drum's entertainment."

think your mastery in stratagem² can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what farther becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear farther from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant, and to the possibility of thy soldiership will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

[*Exit.*

Fr. Env. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

Fr. Gent. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

² your MASTERY in stratagem] "*Mystery* in stratagem" is the ancient, but faulty text. The Corr. fol. 1632 has "mastery".

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

Fr. Env. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him,³ you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

Fr. Gent. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him.⁴ He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

Fr. Env. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

Fr. Env. As't please your lordship. I'll leave you.

[*Exit Fr. Env.*]

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you The lass I spoke of.

Fr. Gent. But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind, Tokens and letters which she did re-send; And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature! Will you go see her?

Fr. Gent. With all my heart, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

³ —we have almost EMBOSSED him,] To *emboss* a deer is to run it until it foams at the mouth. The "*fall* of the deer" was also technical to the chase. See *Taming of the Shrew*, act i, sc. 1, p. 4.

⁴ —ere we CASE him.] Ere we deprive him of his "case", strip him. Foxes were "smoked" out of their holes and "cased".

SCENE VII.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you farther,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word ; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you ;
For you have show'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her : let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now, his important blood⁵ will nought deny
That she'll demand : a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house

⁵ Now, his IMPORTANT blood—] *i.e.*, Importunate, uncontrollable—*emportant*, Fr. as Tyrwhitt observes.

From son to son, some four or five descents,
Since the first father wore it : this ring he holds
In most rich choice ; yet, in his idle fire
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent. After this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded.
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With music of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness : it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists
As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why, then, to-night
Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawless act ;⁶
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁶ —in a LAWLESS act ;] The old printer repeated *lawful* at the end of the line, instead of "lawless", but this explanation of a much-contested difficulty seems not to have occurred to any editor or commentator : they have substituted either *wicked* or *sinful*.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Outside the Florentine Camp.*

Enter French Envoy, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

Fr. Env. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

I Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Fr. Env. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

I Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

Fr. Env. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

I Sold. Even such as you speak to me.

Fr. Env. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore, we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

[They stand back.]

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock : within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done ? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy : but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Fr. Env. [Aside.] This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose ? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it : they will say, "Came you off with so little ?" and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance ? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Fr. Env. [Aside.] Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is ?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn ; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Fr. Env. [Aside.] We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard ; and to say, it was in stratagem.

Fr. Env. [Aside.] 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

Fr. Env. [Aside.] Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum, now, of the enemy's! [*Alarum within.*]

Fr. Env. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransom, ransom!—Do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize and blindfold him.*]

I Sold. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment;
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me:
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

I Sold. *Boskos vauvado:—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
Kereybonto:—Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

I Sold. O! pray, pray, pray.—

Manka revania dulce.

Fr. Env. *Oscorbidulchos volivorco.*

I Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet,
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on

To gather from thee : haply, thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O ! let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes ; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 Sold. But wilt thou faithfully ?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 Sold. *Acordo linta.*—

Come on ; thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*¹

Fr. Env. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 Sold. Captain, I will.

Fr. Env. A' will betray us all unto ourselves :
Inform on that.

2 Sold. So I will, sir.

Fr. Env. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

¹ *Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*] The folios have here "a short alarum within"; no doubt, to give a panic to Parolles, as he was taking his departure hood-winked. This method of suddenly frightening Parolles at his exit has lasted till our day.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess,

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stone;⁸
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that:

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows.⁹
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,

Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,

⁸ —you are cold and STONE;] The emendation of "stone" for *sterne* is from the Corr. fol. 1632, and is in entire consistency with the whole passage, especially with the word "monument".

⁹ I pr'ythee, do not strive against my VOWS.] *i. e.*, 'The vows he has made never to cohabit with his wife.

But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions, but unseal'd,—
At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it.
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such a suit¹
That we'll forsake ourselves.—Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which 'twere the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,

¹ I see that men make HOPES in such a SUIT] The old text is "make ropes in such a scarre", an evident misprint. We give the words of the Corr. fol. 1632, which afford a very applicable meaning.

Bequeathed down from many ancestors?
Which 'twere the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus, your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion, honour, on my part
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber
window:
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

[*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and
me!

You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in's heart: she says, all men
Have the like oaths. He hath sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,²
Marry that will, I live and die a maid :
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Florentine Camp.*

Enter the two Frenchmen, and two or three Soldiers.

Fr. Gent. You have not given him his mother's letter.

Fr. Env. I have delivered it an hour since : there is something in 't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

Fr. Gent. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

Fr. Env. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

Fr. Gent. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Fr. Env. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour : he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

² Since Frenchmen are SO BRAID,] The explanation of this word given by Steevens seems the right one, though it has been disputed : "Braid signifies *crafty, deceitful*," and it is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *bred*, which is usually translated *fraus*.

Fr. Gent. Now, God delay our rebellion : as we are ourselves, what things are we !

Fr. Env. Merely our own traitors : and as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

Fr. Gent. Is it not most damnable in us, to be trumpeeters of our unlawful intents ? We shall not then have his company to-night ?

Fr. Env. Not till after midnight, for he is dieted to his hour.

Fr. Gent. That approaches apace : I would gladly have him see his company³ anatomised, that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Fr. Env. We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Fr. Gent. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars ?

Fr. Env. I hear there is an overture of peace.

Fr. Gent. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Fr. Env. What will count Rousillon do then ? will he travel higher, or return again into France ?

Fr. Gent. I perceive by this demand you are not altogether of his council.

Fr. Env. Let it be forbid, sir ; so should I be a great deal of his act.

³ —his COMPANY—] *i. e.*, *His companion* ; meaning Parolles. Company was then sometimes used for companion : see *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act i, sc. 1, p. 11.

Fr. Gent. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand, which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Fr. Env. How is this justified?

Fr. Gent. The stranger part of it⁴ by her own letters; which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself (which could not be her office to say is come) was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

Fr. Env. Hath the count all this intelligence?

Fr. Gent. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Fr. Env. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

Fr. Gent. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses.

Fr. Env. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears. The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

Fr. Gent. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

⁴ The STRANGER part of it] "Stranger" was allowed to stand *stronger* in every edition, until the discovery of the Corr. fol. 1632, in the year 1853.

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king. [*Exit.*

Fr. Env. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

Fr. Gent. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.—How, now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length apiece, by an abstract of success: I have congé'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of despatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest; but that I have not ended yet.

Fr. Env. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this "Dialogue between the Fool and the Soldier"?⁵ Come, bring forth this counterfeit medal:⁶ he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophet.

⁵ —"Dialogue between the Fool and the Soldier"?] Some then well-known popular production. Specimens of this kind of entertainment are extant, and others are recorded in various publications.

⁶ —this counterfeit MEDAL.] So the Corr. fol. 1632, instead of *model*: the epithet "counterfeit" supports the change, and Bertram

Fr. Env. Bring him forth. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] He has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

Fr. Env. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him: but, to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks; and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

Fr. Env. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES blindfolded.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!

Fr. Gent. Hoodman comes!—*Portotortarossa.*

I Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

I Sold. *Bosko chimurcho.*

Fr. Gent. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

admits that he has been imposed upon by it. Shakespeare uses the word "medal" in his *Winter's Tale*, act i, sc. 2; but our usual dictionaries only carry it back to the time of Boyle. It is spelt *medull* in *The Winter's Tale*.

I *Sold.* You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

I *Sold.* “First, demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.” What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

I *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I’ll take the sacrament on’t, how and which way you will.

Ber. All’s one to him.⁷ What a past-saving slave is this!

Fr. Gent. Y’ are deceived, my lord: this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.⁸

Fr. Env. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing apparel neatly.

I *Sold.* Well, that’s set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true, —or thereabouts, set down,—for I’ll speak truth.

Fr. Gent. He’s very near the truth in this.

⁷ All’s one to him.] In the old copy, these words are given by mistake to Parolles. So what the *Fr. Env.* says, farther on, “I will never trust”, etc., possibly belongs to Bertram.

⁸ —the CHAPE of his dagger.] The “chape” of a dagger would seem to have been the *hook* by which it was suspended. We have already had a “chapeless dagger” mentioned in the *Taming of the Shrew*, act iii, sc. 2, p. 57.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't,⁹ in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

I Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth: the rogues are marvellous poor.

I Sold. "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour,¹ I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Fr. Gent. Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

I Sold. Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumaine be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he

⁹ I CON him no thanks for't,] To *con thanks* (says Steevens) answers to the French *savoir gré*: to *con* is to *know*. The expression is idiomatic, and occurs frequently in writers of the time and earlier.

¹ —if I were to live this present hour,] We are to recollect that Parolles is speaking under the fear of certain death, and blunders.

thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

I Sold. Do you know this captain Dumaine?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.²

[*Fr. Gent. lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

I Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

Fr. Gent. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

I Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

I Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know: either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

I Sold. Here 'tis: here's a paper; shall I read it to you?

² —a dumb INNOCENT, that could not say him nay] An idiot or natural fool (distinguished from the jocose domestic fool in many writers by the term "innocent") then assigned by law to the care and custody of the sheriff.

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

Fr. Env. Excellently.

I Sold. [*Reads.*]

“Dian, the count’s a fool, and full of gold,”—

Par. That is not the duke’s letter, sir: that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

I Sold. Nay, I’ll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in’t, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue!

I Sold. [*Reads.*]

“When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won is match well made; match, and well make it:

He ne’er pays after-debts; take it before,

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this.

Men are to mell with,³ boys are but to kiss:

For count of this, the count’s a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not where he does owe it.

“Thine, as he vow’d to thee in thine ear,

“PAROLLES.”

³ Men are to MELL with,] *i. e.*, Meddle, or mingle with. Chaucer uses *mell*, but earlier writers have *medle*; and Spenser has both, according as he wanted two syllables or only one.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in 's forehead.

Fr. Env. This is your devoted friend, sir; the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

I Sold. I perceive, sir, by our general's looks,⁴ we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

I Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this captain Dumaine. You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

⁴ I perceive, sir, by OUR general's looks,] The folios have it "by your general's looks"; but a letter too much was accidentally inserted. Parolles, of course, supposes them all enemies, into whose hands he has unluckily fallen.

Fr. Env. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him! for me he is more and more a cat.

I Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,⁵—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end,⁶ to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

Fr. Gent. He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

I Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

I Sold. What's his brother, the other captain Dumaine?

Fr. Gent. Why does he ask him of me?

I Sold. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in

⁵ Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,] The actors of Shakespeare's day, and a little earlier, usually went about the country preceded by a drum, to give notice of their arrival in any town where they wished to perform.

⁶ — he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called MILE-END,] Mile-end was open ground where the citizens of London were often mustered and trained.

evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey ; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

I Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine ?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

I Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside.*] I'll no more drumming ; a plague of all drums ! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken ?

I Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use ; therefore you must die.—Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir ! let me live, or let me see my death.

I Sold. That shall you ; and take your leave of all your friends.

[*Unblinding him.*]

So, look about you : know you any here ?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

Fr. Env. God bless you, captain Parolles.

Fr. Gent. God save you, noble captain.

Fr. Env. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu ? I am for France.

Fr. Gent. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon ?

an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you ; but fare you well. [*Exeunt* BERTRAM, Frenchmen, *etc.*

I *Sold.* You are undone, captain ; all but your scarf, that has a knot on 't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot ?

I *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were, that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir ; I am for France too : we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful : if my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more ; But I will eat, and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall : simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this ; for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword ! cool, blushes ! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame ! being fool'd, by foolery thrive ! There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety ; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was I did him a desired office,

Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles, to which place⁷
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead : the army breaking,
My husband hies him home ; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love : doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive,
And helper to a husband. But O, strange men !
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night ! so lust doth play
With what it loathes for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions, yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

⁷ His grace is at MARSEILLES, to which place] Marseilles, for the sake of the verse, must, of course, be pronounced as a trisyllable. So in the *Taming of the Shrew*, act ii, sc. 1, p. 49.

Hel. Yet, I pray you :
 But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
 When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
 And be as sweet as sharp. We must away ;
 Our waggon is prepar'd, and time reviles us :⁸
 "All's well that ends well :" still the fine's the crown ;
 Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's House.*

Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no ; your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron⁹ would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour : your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.¹

Count. I would he had not known him. It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating : if she had partaken of my flesh,

⁸ —and time REVILES us :] *i. e.*, Reproaches or reproves us : the old word in the folios is *revives*.

⁹ —whose villanous SAFFRON—] We have before had allusion to the gay fantastic dress of Parolles, with "the scarfs and bannerets about him", act ii, sc. 3 ; and here we find that yellow was the prevailing colour of his jerkin.

¹ —that RED-TAILED humble bee I speak of.] The colour of the hose worn by Parolles must have been red, as we may conclude from this part of the description Lafeu gives of him. In the next line "he" is *I* in the folios.

and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs,² you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

² They are not SALAD-herbs,] Rowe inserted "salad", the old copies having merely "herbs". Lower down "grass" is spelt *grace*.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee³ from thy master thou talkest of: serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, since he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.⁴

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no place, but runs where he will.

³ —to SUGGEST thee] To tempt thee, as often before. See *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act i, sc. 3, p. 43, etc.

⁴ A shrewd knave, and an UNHAPPY.] *i. e.*, *Mischievous* in the language of the time. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v, sc. 2, p. 74, Cupid is said to be "a shrewd *unhappy* gallows".

Laf. I like him well ; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord, your son, was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter ; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it ; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it ?

Count. With very much content, my lord ; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles of as able body as when he numbered thirty ; a' will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night : I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter ; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O, madam ! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face : whether there be a scar under it or no, the velvet knows ; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet.

His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half,⁵ but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour ; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you : I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA, *with two* Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low : we cannot help it ;
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,

⁵ —a cheek of two PILE and a half,] Referring, of course, to the double or single pile of the velvet patch.

*Enter a gentle Stranger.*⁶

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence. *[Giving a paper.]*

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seems so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

⁶ *Enter a gentle Stranger.*] A "gentle astringer" in the folios, which may mean a falconer, but most likely it is a misprint for a gentle stranger. In the translation of *Boccacio*, 1620, p. 173, we read "they presently imagined that they were some *gentle strangers*."

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon ;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand ;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again :—
Go, go, provide. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *The inner Court of the Countess's House.*

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good monsieur Lavache, give my lord Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes ; but I am now, sir, muddled in fortune's mood,⁷ and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of : I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir : I spake but by a metaphor.

⁷ —muddled in fortune's MOOD,] *Mud* was in Shakespeare's day pronounced nearly like *mood*, and hence the intended jingle. On page 95, we have had "grace" pronounced like *grass*.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee farther.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat (but not a musk-cat), that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort,⁸ and leave him to your lordship. *[Exit Clown.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you. Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

⁸ —in my SIMILES of comfort,] "Similes" is *smiles* in all the old copies, which may be right, and the Clown may so have pronounced it after, and in addition to, "similes".

Laf. You beg⁹ more than one word, then.⁹—Cox' my passion! give me your hand.—How does your drum?

Par. O, my good lord! you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire farther after me: I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. *A large Hall in the Countess's House.*

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem Was made much poorer by it; but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it

⁹ You beg more than one WORD, then.] Parolles, or *paroles*, being French for *words*, a quibble was most likely intended. The two first folios omit "one", which seems necessary for the sense.

Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth ;¹
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbear it, and burn on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say.—
But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note ; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all : he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes ; whose words all ears took captive ;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither.
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition.—Let him not ask our pardon :
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it : let him approach,
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.

[*Exit Gentleman.*

¹ —done i' the BLAZE of youth ;] It is "*blade* of youth" in all the old copies, but the words which follow, viz., "oil and fire", as well as "burn", prove that *blade* was a misprint. It is "blaze" in the Corr. fol. 1632, as well as in Theobald's edition.

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent
me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,²
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way: so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top,
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly. My liege, at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,

² —a day of SEASON,] *i.e.*, A day when the *season* is settled;
but a day when it hails while the sun shines.

Which warp'd the line of every other favour,
 Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen,
 Extended or contracted all proportions
 To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
 That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
 Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
 The dust that did offend it.

King.

Well excus'd :

That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
 From the great compt. But love, that comes too late,
 Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
 To the great sender turns a sour offence,
 Crying, that's good that's gone. Our rash faults
 Make trivial price of serious things we have,
 Not knowing them until we know their grave :
 Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
 Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust :
 Our old love, waking, cries to see what's done,
 While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
 Be this sweet Helen's knell ; and now forget her.
 Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin :
 The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay
 To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O, dear heaven,
 bless !

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease !³

³ Which better than the first, O, dear heaven, bless !

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, CEASE !]

This couplet (ending in the original copies with "cesse" for *cease*) was first assigned by Theobald to the countess. *Cesse* was merely an archaism for the sake of the rhyme ; Shakespeare has "ceas'd" on the next page but one, and "cease" on p. 109.

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,

[*BERTRAM hands a ring to him.*]

And every hair that's on 't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature ; such a ring as this,
The last time ere she took her leave at court,⁴
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.—
This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most ?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it ; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd : my lord, she never saw it.
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought

⁴ The last TIME, ere SHE took her leave at court,] Such is the emendation of the Corr. fol. 1632, the corrupt text being, "The last *that*, ere *I* took her leave at court."

I stood ungag'd:⁵ but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and informed her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine; 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour,
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[*Guards seize BERTRAM.*]

⁵ I stood UNGAG'D;] *i. e.*, The noble lady thought Bertram *unengaged*: Theobald's emendation was "ungag'd" for *ingaged* of the folios, and the Corr. fol. 1632 proposes no change.

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
 Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
 Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him !
 We'll sift this matter farther.

Ber. If you shall prove
 This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
 Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
 Where yet she never was. [*Exit BERTRAM, guarded.*]

*Enter the gentle Stranger.*⁶

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
 Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not :
 Here's a petition from a Florentine,
 Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
 To tender it herself. I undertook it, [*Giving it.*]
 Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
 Of the poor suppliant ; who by this, I know,
 Is here attending : her business looks in her
 With an importing visage ; and she told me,
 In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
 Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads.*]

"Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was
 dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a
 widower : his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him.
 He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his
 country for justice ; grant it me, O king ! in you it best lies ; other-
 wise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

"DIANA CAPULET."

⁶ —*the gentle Stranger.*] The same person, of course, who had
 encountered Helena and the Widow in sc. 2 of this act.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll : for this, I'll none of him.⁷

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu, To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors :—Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt the gentle Stranger and some Attendants.*

I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers !

Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, for wives are monsters to you,⁸
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that ?

Re-enter the gentle Stranger, with Widow and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet : [Kneeling.
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

⁷ I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll : for this, I'll none of him.] The meaning is very plain : Lafeu says, "I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and pay toll for him : as for this son-in-law, I'll have nothing to do with him."

⁸ I wonder, sir, FOR wives are monsters to you,] The first folio repeats "sir" instead of *for* : "for" is here used in the sense of *because*. In the *Treasury of Amadis de Gaule*, p. 138, "for" is explained as *because*, "he was well pleased *for and because* of the place", etc.

King. Come hither, count. Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me farther?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine ;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine ;
You give away myself, which is known mine ;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me ;
Either both, or none.

Laf. [To BERTRAM.] Your reputation comes too short
for my daughter : you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with. Let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them : fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good, my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord ;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord : if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price :
Do not believe him. O ! behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,

Did lack a parallel ; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis his :⁹
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife :
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument : his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber.

What of him ?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debauch'd,
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing ?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has : certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy ; and, in fine,

⁹ He blushes, and 'tis HIS :] The old folios have *hit*, instead of *his*.
Malone reads, "He blushes, and 'tis *it*," but the error lies in the last,
not in the first letter of *hit*.

Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,¹
 Subdued me to her rate : she got the ring,
 And I had that which any inferior might
 At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient :
 You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
 May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
 (Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband),
 Send for your ring ; I will return it home,
 And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you ?

Dia. Sir, much like
 The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring ? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
 Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly ; every feather starts you.—

Enter PAROLLES.

Is this the man you speak of ?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

¹ Her INFINITE CUNNING, with her modern grace,] So the Corr. fol. 1632, instead of "her insuite coming": "modern grace" means ordinary beauty. In Heywood's *Edward IV*, in all the impressions, "That's your coming" is misprinted for "cunning", act iii, sc. 4. As an independent authority (without, as it should seem, any knowledge of the change previously proposed in the Corr. fol. 1632) had guessed at the same emendation, we may feel entire confidence in it.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off),
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an
honourable gentleman : tricks he hath had in him, which
gentlemen have.

King. Come, come ; to the purpose. Did he love this
woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her ; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a
woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.—
What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between
them, as I said ; but more than that, he loved her,—for,
indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of
limbo, and of furies, and I know not what : yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their
going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her mar-
riage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of :
therefore, I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst
Say they are married. But thou art too fine
In thy evidence ;² therefore, stand aside.—
This ring, you say, was yours ?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it ? or who gave it you ?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you ?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then ?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him ?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord : she goes
off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine : I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away : I do not like her now.
To prison with her ; and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

[To LAFEU.]

² But thou art TOO FINE in thy evidence ;] *i. e.*, Too full of *finesse* ;
too *artful* in thy evidence. So in Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*,
"You'll mar all with your fineness ;" edit. Gifford, v, 83.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while ?

[*Pointing to BERTRAM.*

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to 't :

I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life !

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*

King. She does abuse our ears. To prison with her !

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—[*Exit Widow.*] Stay,
royal sir :

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I 'quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child :
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick :
So there's my riddle,—one that's dead is quick ;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes ?
Is't real, that I see ?

Hel. No, my good lord :
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see ;
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both ! O, pardon !

Hel. O ! my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring ;

And, look you, here's your letter : this it says :
 "When from my finger you can get this ring,
 And are by me with child", etc.—This is done :
 Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
 I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,³
 Deadly divorce step between me and you !—
 O ! my dear mother, do I see you living ?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions ; I shall weep anon.—
 Good Tom Drum, [*To PAROLLES*] lend me a handker-
 chief : so, I thank thee. Wait on me home, I'll make
 sport with thee : let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy
 ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
 To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—
 [*To DIANA.*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
 Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower ;
 For I can guess, that by thy honest aid
 Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
 Of that, and all the progress, more and less,

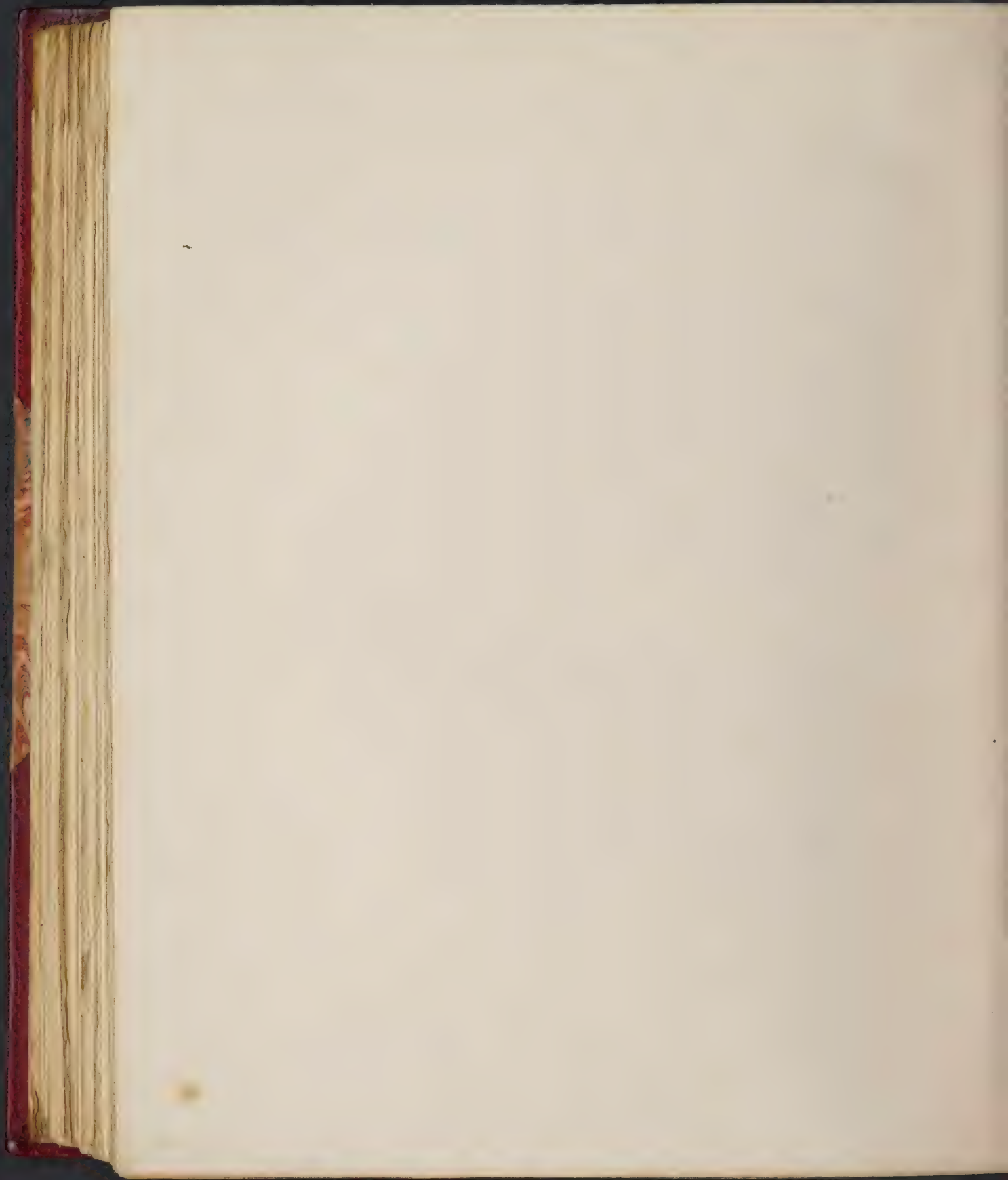
³ If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,] In the novel in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (on which this play is founded), and in the original, by Boccacio, Helen comes before count Bertram at Rousillon with twins in her arms. Painter thus renders the passage :—
 "Therefore I now beseche thee, for the honoure of God, that thou wilt observe the conditions which the twoo Knightes that I sent unto thee did commannde me to doe : for beholde here, in my armes, not onely one sonne begotten by thee, but twayne, and likewise thy ryng." *Palace of Pleasure*, i, fol. 92 ; edit. Marsh. It is to be remarked, that in the original story the King is not present at Rousillon at the reconciliation of Bertram and Helena.

Resolvedly more leisure shall express :
All yet seems well ; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [Flourish.

The king's a beggar,⁴ now the play is done.
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content ; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day :
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

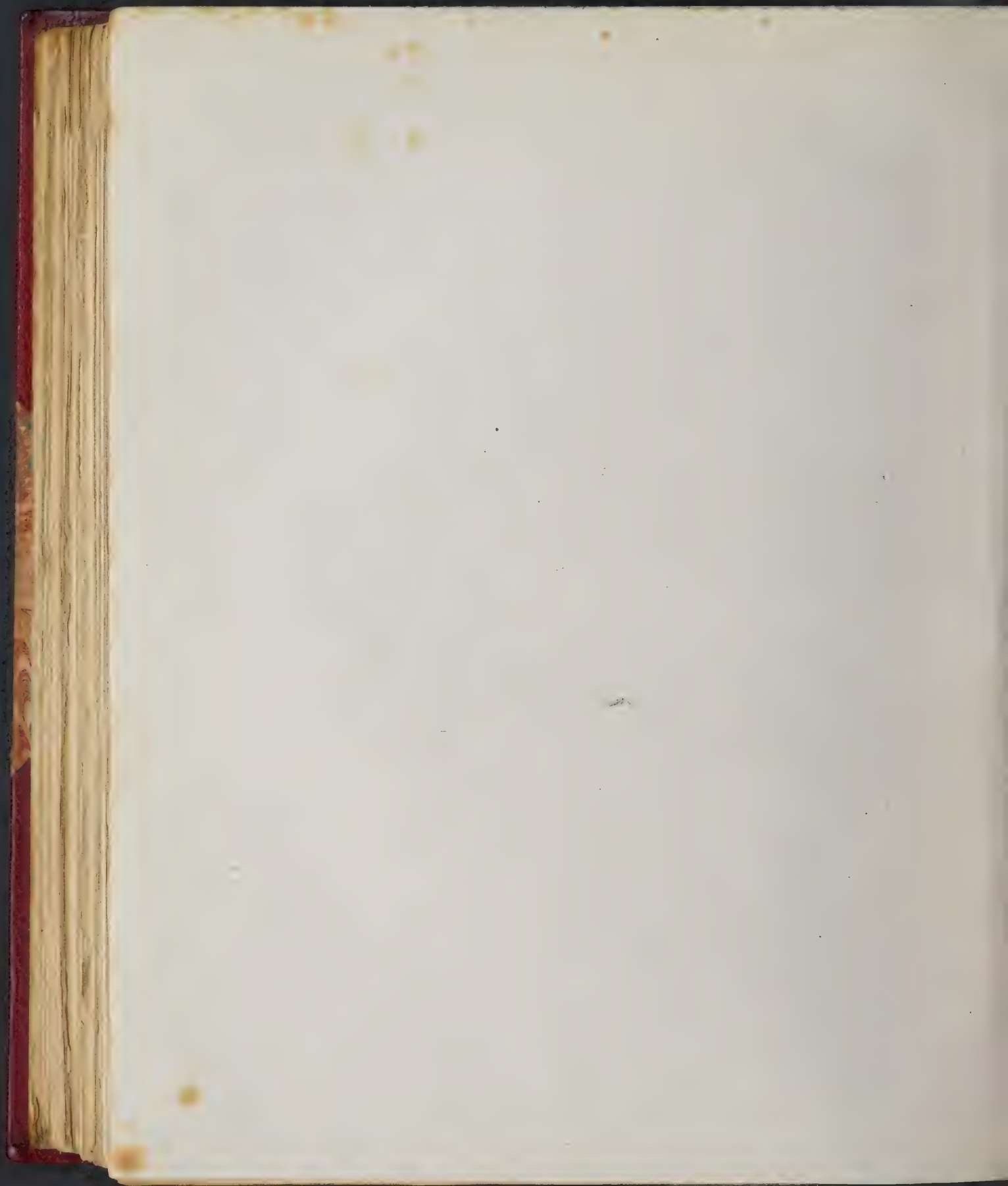
[*Exeunt omnes.*

⁴ The king's a beggar,] These lines are unquestionably the epilogue, though not so entitled in the old copies : in the Corr. fol. 1632, they are headed in MS. "Epilogue by the king".



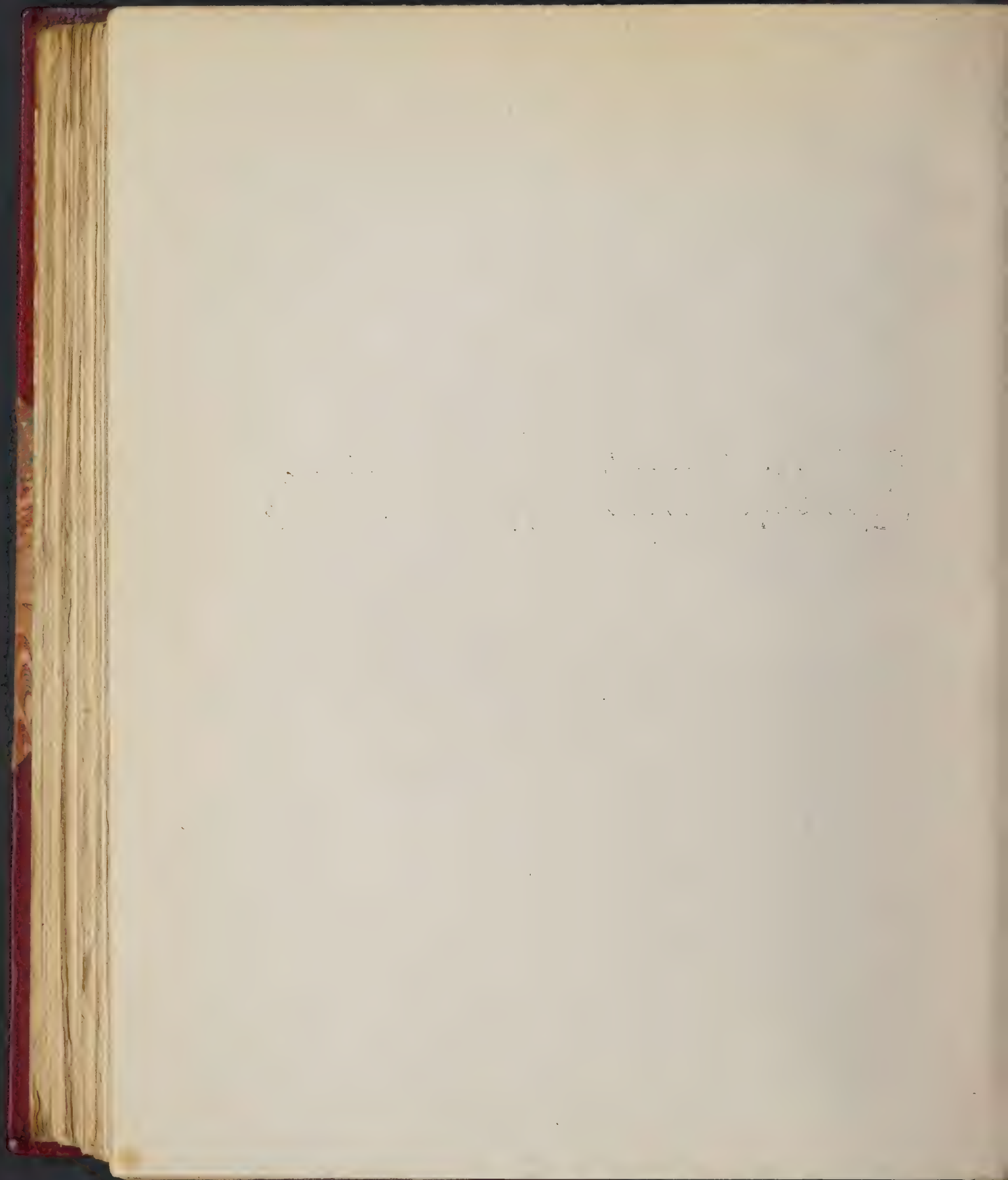
A
Midsummer Night's
Dream.

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THE
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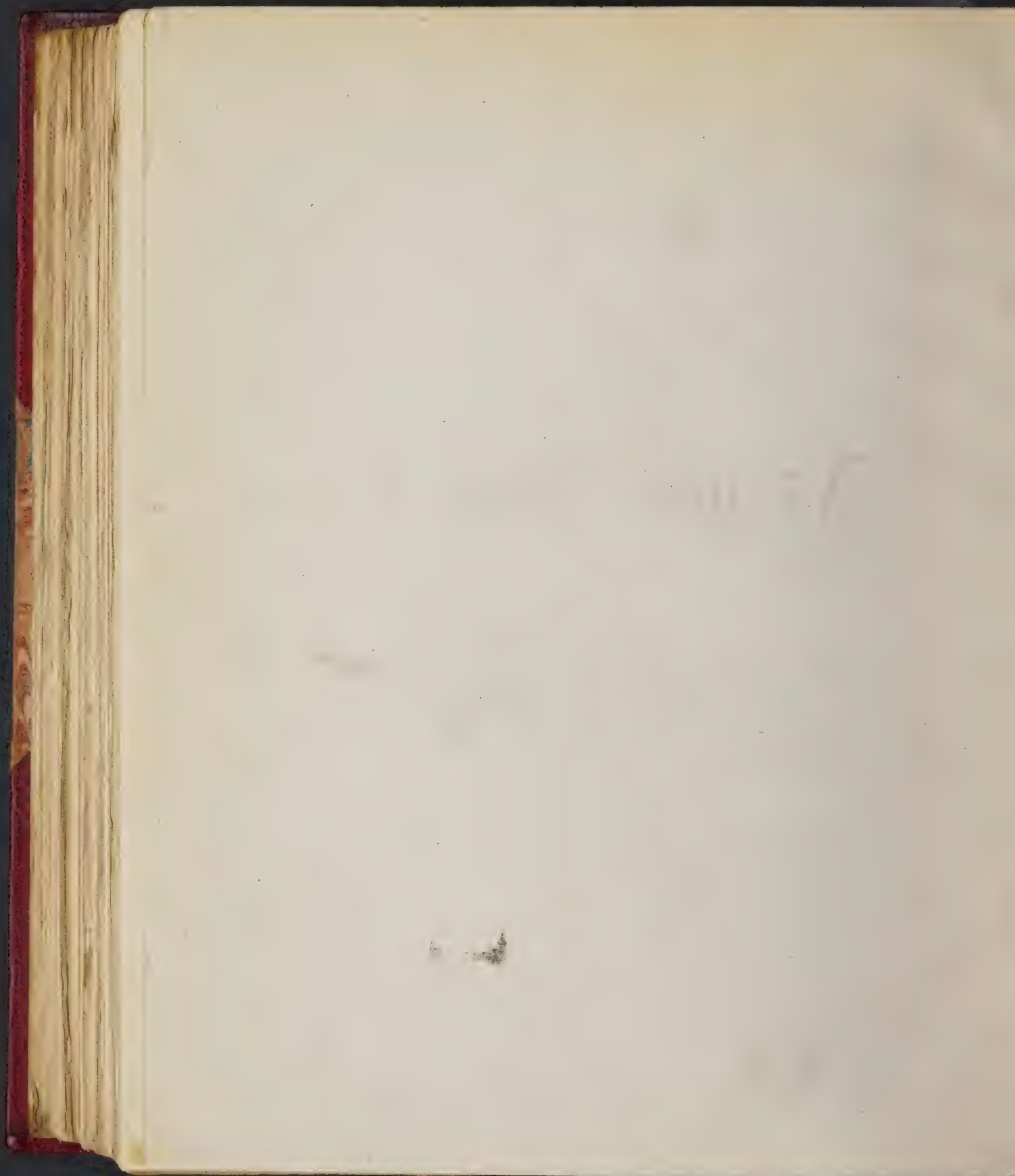
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As you Like it.

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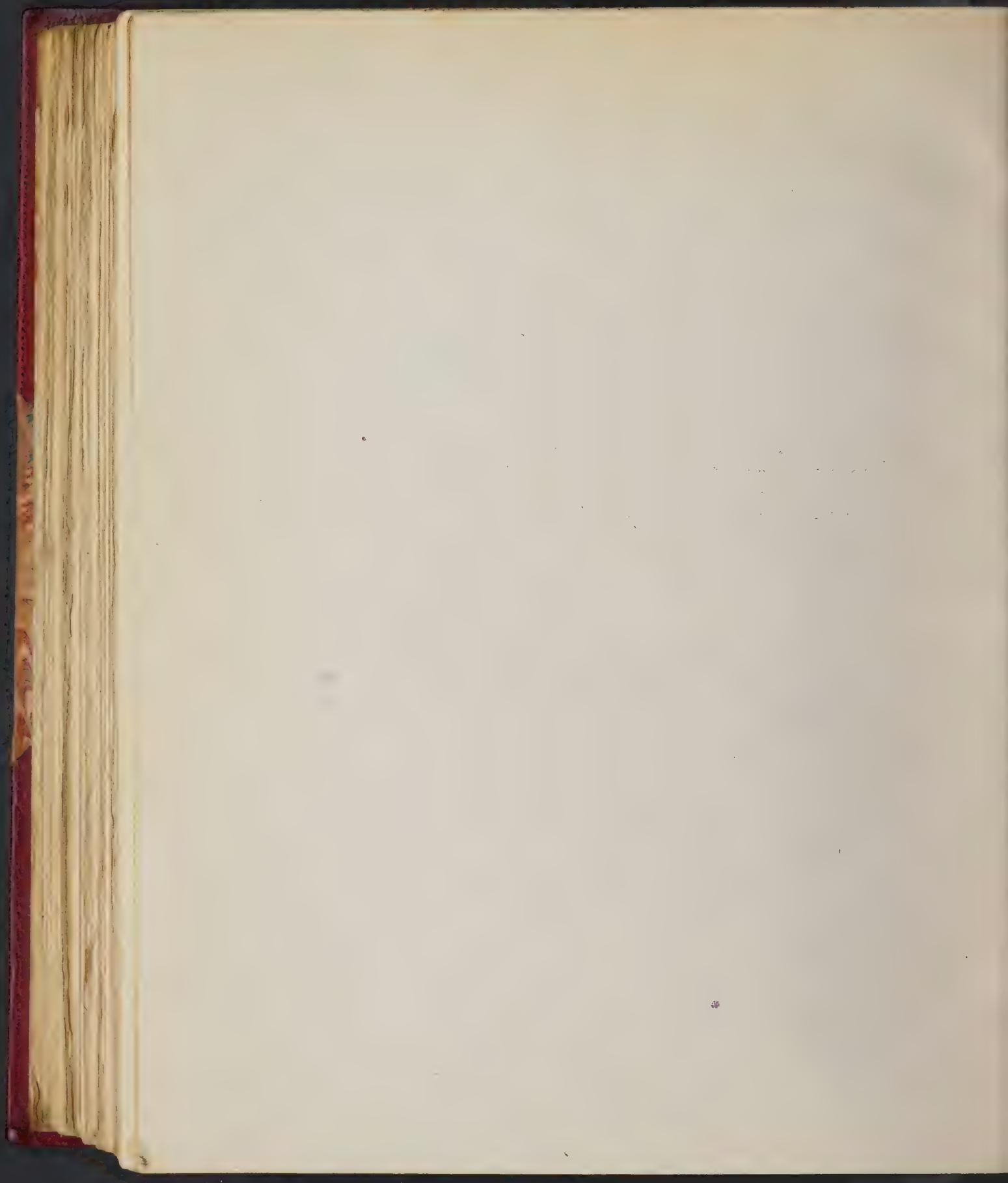
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Taming of the Shrew.

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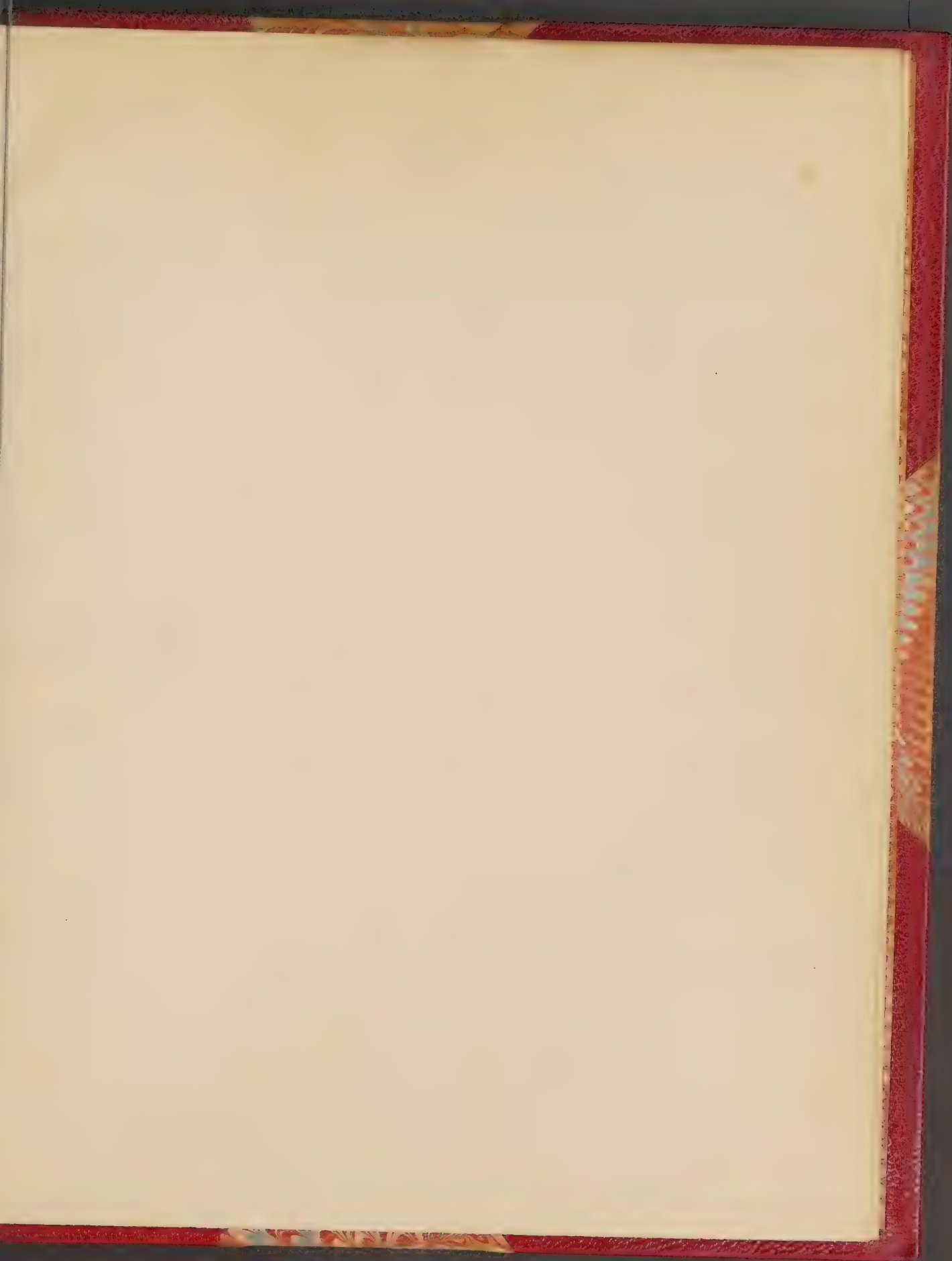
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All's Well that Ends Well.

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